



November 1974

Reader's Digest

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Reader's Digest



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B ehind the L ines

DIGEST Roving Editor Cornelius Ryan, 54, is celebrated as a master chronicler of the great European battles of the Second World War. His epic book *The Longest Day*, telling of the momentous events of June 6, 1944, has become a classic around the world. *The Last Battle* was a definitive account of the fall of Berlin. Now (page 118) Ryan has rounded out his war trilogy with *A Bridge Too Far*, published in September by Simon & Schuster. This is the tragic, triumphant story of Operation Market-Garden, an attack on occupied Holland—the most massive airborne assault in history.

Just as *The Longest Day* and *The Last Battle* were researched and written under the sponsorship of The Reader's Digest, so too was *A Bridge Too Far*. And just as the two earlier books, in condensed form, appeared first and exclusively in the Digest, so too with *Bridge*: Part I in this issue, Part II next month.

How did *A Bridge Too Far* come to be written?

"While researching *The Longest Day*," Ryan says, "I was asked many times by former paratroopers of the 82nd and 101st Airborne—units which played a vital role in the airborne drop into Holland—why

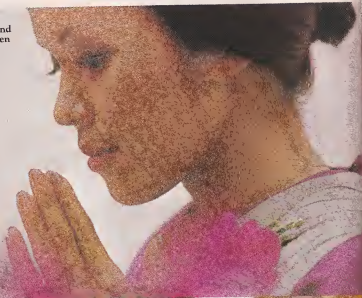
nothing had ever appeared in the American press about it. I looked into the matter. 'Operation Market-Garden,' Gen. James M. Gavin told me, 'was Field Marshal Montgomery's plan from the beginning, and the fact is that it was an all-British show. Not a single American war correspondent, to my knowledge at least, covered this historic assault.'

"I looked up some old U.S. newspaper files, and to my astonishment found almost nothing about the attack. Indeed, the facts had been to a great extent hushed up. The British papers had covered the story, and in heroic terms. Certainly it was a magnificent feat of arms—but also a major disaster. I felt that a book should be done telling the truth about those nine terrible days.

"I began to work on *A Bridge Too Far* in 1967; the researching and writing were to take seven years. First, survivors of the battle—Dutch, American, British, Canadian, Polish and German—had to be located. This was a massive undertaking which, with the dedicated help of Reader's Digest editors and researchers, at home and abroad, took the best part of two years. We found surviving participants through veterans' organizations, newspaper advertise-

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BEHIND THE LINES

7

ments, and the defense departments of the United States, Britain and Germany. Eventually, 1200 people were located—some as far away as Israel and Africa. More than half were interviewed, and the accounts of some 400 were included in *Bridge*.

"I traveled almost constantly for three years all over Europe. I had to familiarize myself with virtually everything that had appeared about the battle. I read all I could find—from personal diaries to telephone logs and after-action reports. Next, I walked the battlefields until I knew every area by heart. Then, with the help of Digest editors and researchers, the interviewing began. Survivors were often interviewed two and three times for the sake of accuracy. Every statement or quote in the book is reinforced by documentary evidence, or corroborated by witnesses.

"Everywhere I found people eager to help, particularly in Holland. Prince Bernhard spent hours going over the battle and even allowed me to examine his personal diaries. I would meet him in his study in Soestdijk Palace and, with a tape machine running, he would go over every detail, step by step.

"People sometimes ask why I write about war. But my books are not really about war—they are concerned with courage, and the fact that man can prevail. Again and again in interviews I found that the men who had the greatest fears were always the most brave. Furthermore, I never found a courageous man who did not admit his fears.

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"Just as I was beginning to write the opening chapters, I ran into a personal problem. In July 1970, my doctors diagnosed cancer. The book, as a result, was almost not written at all.

"Today? It would be wrong to say that I am 'cured,' but after four years of advanced medical treatment I can now report that I am enjoying what is called a 'remission.' There were times, of course, during these last four years when I was physically and psychologically unable to write. But my wife, Kathryn, gave me the hope, courage and determination to fight the disease and continue the project."

The book was finished, and it is magnificent. As his fellow historian, Theodore H. White (*The Making of the President* volumes) said in Book-of-the-Month Club News, "Cornelius Ryan is one of the great living masters of the well-told story. I mean the most difficult, disciplined, painstaking form of the craft—where the imagination must deal with facts as they come raw and bleeding from a torrent of unsorted events, with episodes which the writer must weave together without fictionalizing, without ever straying from authenticated, triple-checked truth. *A Bridge Too Far* is both fine art and immaculate history."

So turn to page 118. Learn—and enjoy. —The Editors



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it to respond only to the contours of the groove. The Dual 701 is provided with base, as shown, and tilt-hold dust cover. Model Dual CS 701 has shure V 15 type III cartridge installed. Specifications: Fully automatic tonearm, rumble (DIN 45500): > 70 dB. Overall speed variation (DIN 45507): < ± 0.03%. Speeds: 33 1/3 and 45 rpm, with 8% variable pitch-control.

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Personal Glimpses

WHILE the late Pope John XXIII was still the Apostolic Nuncio to France, he found himself seated at a banquet next to an elegant dinner partner who was wearing a gown of perilously low décolletage. Instead of being censorious or embarrassed or pretending to be unaware of the costume, when dessert was served, the prelate offered her an apple. She was a little surprised, but he explained with a smile, "Please do take it, madame—it was only after Eve ate the apple that she became aware of how little she had on."

—Sydney J. Harris, Publishers-Hall Syndicate

A NOCTURNAL creature, billionaire Howard Hughes likes to watch TV while most people are sleeping. During his recent four-year sojourn at Las Vegas' Desert Inn, his prime viewing hours were from midnight to 6 a.m. Trouble was, they did not coincide with local station KLAS transmissions, which ended at 11 p.m.

According to Hank Greenspun, who owned the station, Hughes' aides kept badgering him to program Hughes' favorite westerns and aviation flicks through the wee hours. Greenspun finally asked a Hughes emissary, "Why doesn't he just buy the thing and run it the way he wants to?"

The rich recluse obliged, paying Greenspun \$3.6 million—and promptly scheduled his favorite flicks from 11 to 6.

—Time

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH writes, in *Locked Rooms and Open Doors*, "I must write it all out, at any cost. Writing is thinking. It is more than living, for it is being conscious of living."

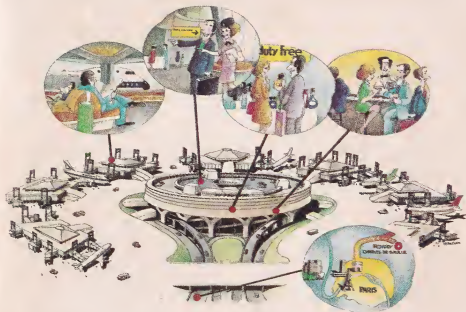
—Published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich

AN observer at the University of Berlin in the 1850s later reported: "We used to see in the crowd of students a small, white-haired, old and happy-looking man." This was Alexander von Humboldt, the founder of the science of natural history, who said he came to review what he had neglected in his youth, and sat taking notes like the other students.

During a lecture on physical geography, the lecturer Ritter, an eminent scholar himself, quoted von Humboldt as his authority. All eyes were turned upon the white-haired scientist, who rose slightly from his seat, bowed, and then resumed taking notes.

—Henry and Dana Lee Thomas, *Living Biographies of Great Scientists* (Doubleday)

JEAN NIDETCH, founder of Weight Watchers, says: "Strawberry shortcake is no longer an emotional experience for me. If I eat it now, I eat it with a fork, not my hands—and one piece, not the whole cake. I never talk about food anymore as if it were a painting—stunning, gorgeous or magnificent. I can go to a restaurant now and tell you all about the violinist who played



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there; fat people don't even hear the music."

—*Quote Magazine*

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, SR., father of the columnist of that name and of Sen. James L. Buckley of New York, used to write memos to his ten children, aimed at improving their characters. One memo read, in part: "I have been much concerned of late with the apparent inability of any of you to go anywhere on foot. A few of the older children occasionally walk behind a golf ball; the others 'exercise' exclusively by sitting on a horse or a sailboat.

"Concurrently, I have noticed that the roads around here are crowded with Buckley cars at all hours of the day and night, and it has been years since any of you has been able to get as far as the town clock without a car or, if under 16, a car and a chauffeur.

"I think each of you should consider a course of therapy designed to prevent atrophy of the leg muscles, if only for esthetic reasons. The cars might then be reserved for errands covering distances of over 50 yards or so. Affectionately, Father."

—Stephen Birmingham, *Real Luce* (Harper & Row)

SHIRLEY MACLAINE, who began her movie career in an Alfred Hitchcock film, described in her autobiography her first morning on the set:

Alfred Hitchcock came waddling toward me, eyes twinkling. "Pleasant period following death," he said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Genuine chopper, old girl, genuine chopper."

"Excuse me?"

"And after your first line—dog's feet."

When I finally had it all translated, it turned out that he had said:

Good mourning. (Pleasant period following death.)

Real-ax. (Genuine chopper.)

And after your first line—paws. (Dog's feet.)

—"Don't Fall Off the Mountain" (Nocton)

Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. See page 152.



|| Toward More Picturesque Speech ||

November Scenes

Squirrels making much ado about nutting (Jane Hunt Clark in *Catholic Digest*)

Mornings frosted like doughnuts dipped in sugar

(Rachel Peden in *Indianapolis Star*)

Leaves thumbing rides with passing winds

(Rita H. Vollmer)

Did You Hear About . . .

. . . the distillery that pays time and a fifth for overtime?

(Chicago Tribune)

. . . the crooked furniture dealer who buys hot waterbeds?

(Shelby Friedman)

. . . the tattooed sailor who went around with a ship on his shoulder?

(Electricity on the Farm)

. . . the minister who put all his bills in a drawer marked "Due Unto Others?"

(Table Talk)

. . . the burglars who stole \$10,000 worth of groceries and escaped in a Volkswagen?

(The Orben Comedy Letter)

Financial Statement

IF GASOLINE TAKES ANOTHER HIKE,
IT'S GOOD-BY AUTO, HELLO BIKE.

(Shelby Friedman, quoted by Earl Wilson)

Listening Post

"Her idea of housework is to sweep the room with a glance"

(Jan Anglin, quoted by Bob Fitts in *Weight Watchers Magazine*)

"I've been trying to save up for a rainy day, but a heavy dew would clean me out"

(Columbus Dispatch)

"He could be brainwashed with an eyedropper"

(Elston Brooks in Fort Worth Star-Telegram)

Ad-Libs

Private-detective's office: "We pry harder"

(Susie Hillyer)

Roadside stand: "Cider. Easy to get now. Will be hard later"

(Leo Aikman in Atlanta Constitution)

Brokerage firm: "Keep up with the Dow-Joneses"

(Jack Rosenbaum in San Francisco Examiner)

Picture-frame shop: "Let us take care of your hang-ups"

(Shelby Friedman)

Talking Turkey

Thanksgiving is still a big family day in most homes—they get together during half time

(Lester Lanin, quoted by Robert Sylvester)

One fellow says he's going to observe Thanksgiving with a broad-brasted turkey and narrow-minded relatives

(Bill Copeland in Sarasota, Fla., Journal)

Name Game

Friends of a woman karate expert refer to her as *Auntie Maim*

(Edward Stevenson)

A fellow who sells deer steaks in upper New York is known as the *Merchant of Venison*

(Don Maclean)

A lover of classical music owns a dachshund named *Johann Sebastian Bark*

(Madge Phillips)

Autumn Migration

*Something told the wild geese
It was time to go.*

*Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered, "Snow."*

(Richard Field)

Readers' contributions are solicited for this department. See page 152.

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The Reader's Digest

NOVEMBER 1974

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America's New Leadership

I. THE PRESIDENT I KNOW

By MELVIN R. LAIRD

From a long-time friend, personal observations that reveal the kind of man Gerald Ford is, and the kind of President he is likely to be

IN 1952, when I was a young Wisconsin state senator, I visited Washington and witnessed a session of the U.S. Congress for the first time. Listening to debate about a public-works appropriations bill, I was struck by one Congressman. He declared that

although the bill purported to promote land conservation, the government was using it to conceal the financing of a hydroelectric project. Whatever the government wanted to do, he insisted, it ought to tell the American people the truth about what was being done. At a dinner that night, friends introduced me to the Congressman. Our conversation was the beginning of a close friendship that endures today.

The Congressman was Gerald Ford, who three months ago suddenly became the 38th President

MELVIN R. LAIRD is the Digest's Senior Counsellor for National and International Affairs. A former U.S. Secretary of Defense, he served as counsellor to the President for domestic affairs from June '73 to February '74, and was a Republican Congressman from Wisconsin for nine terms.

of the United States. Because of our long-time friendship, my judgments of President Ford never can be entirely objective; we have been through too much together. In the late 1950s, we disagreed with President Eisenhower and successfully worked for accelerated construction of Polaris submarines—which were to prove a priceless asset in the Cuban missile crisis a few years later. Ten years ago, in another politically difficult action, I helped to elect Jerry Ford as Republican Party leader in the House of Representatives. Last year, while serving at the White House, I met with President Nixon to argue that Ford was his best choice for Vice President. Over the years, I have seen many acts which illustrate the kind of man Gerald R. Ford is—and which suggest the kind of U.S. President he is likely to be.

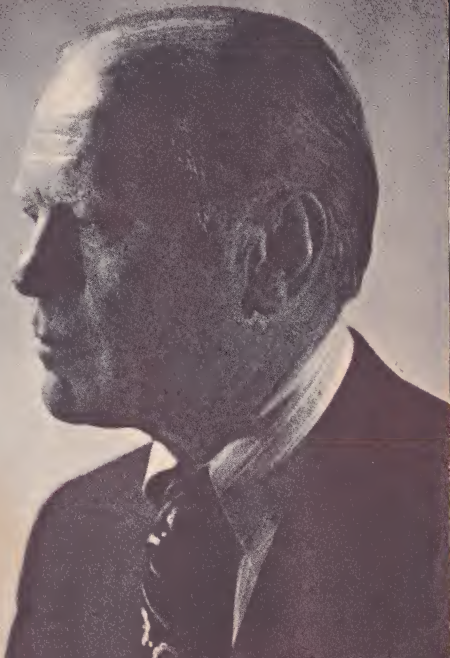
During an informal interview earlier this year, which he thought was off the record, Ford, then Vice President, casually criticized Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger as maladroit in dealing with Congress. Publication of the criticism hurt Schlesinger and clouded his future. Schlesinger is a strong Defense Secretary and a brilliant man, at home in the arcane realms of nuclear strategy, computer theory and complex budgetary. But he had been at the Pentagon only a short while, and its merciless demands afforded him scant opportunity to master the folkways of Congress.

"I was really unfair," Jerry told

me. "It's too much to expect a man to learn as much about Congress in a few months as it's taken you and me 20 years to learn." Ford telephoned Schlesinger to admit his mistake and assure him of his support. Later, he asked me to call the Secretary in his behalf to reinforce the apology. I was not surprised. Like all of us, Jerry Ford makes mistakes. Unlike many of us, he is not afraid to admit that he is wrong.

At Peace. Jerry Ford has always had time for others. A few years ago, he heard depressing news about a couple of old friends. After a long marriage, the couple was on the verge of breaking up. Jerry was in the midst of a pressing legislative schedule that required four or five appearances a day and left him little free time, even for sleep. Yet he telephoned his friends. "It's time we had a good visit," he said. "Betty and I are coming to spend the night with you."

Though complicated plans had to be rearranged, Jerry at first behaved as if everything were normal, as if he were just renewing a friendship. He and his wife stayed up until the early hours of the morning reminiscing with the troubled couple. Throughout the conversation, Jerry made it a point to recall the deep bonds that the estranged husband and wife had shared. The visit did not remove the difficulties entirely, but it made the couple see how much they had to gain by making new efforts to



he had been solemnly assured by Mr. Nixon himself that the President was not involved in the cover-up, and he had seen no conclusive evidence to the contrary. Then, on Saturday afternoon, August 4, he received a fateful phone call informing him of evidence about to be disclosed that would catapult him into the Presidency.

Once in the White House, he realized that his effectiveness would be limited if he were committed to abandoning the Presidency after only two years. Thus, he asked his wife for a release from his 1976 pledge, and she agreed.

Gerald Ford has always considered himself rigidly bound by his word, whether given to his family, his friends or political opponents. During 24 years in Congress, he was popular among Democrats and Republicans alike because he never broke his word, even though at times unanticipated events made it painful for him to keep it. Thus, the request was not simply a gesture. Had Betty Ford refused to waive his pledge, I doubt that he would be a Presidential candidate in 1976.

To the Heart of the Matter. The late President Lyndon B. Johnson once remarked, "The only trouble with Jerry Ford is that he played football too long without his helmet on." Jerry is blessed with such inner security that political barbs like that don't bother him. He laughed at the crack as much as anyone. But its implications are

erroneous. At Michigan University, Jerry did play a lot of football. He was named the team's most valuable player in 1934, and won professional offers from the Green Bay Packers and Detroit Lions. Instead, he attended Yale Law School, where he maintained a B average (which put him in the top third of his class), even though he gave up large chunks of study time to earn needed funds as a football coach. One of his players was William Proxmire, now a Democratic Senator from Wisconsin. "Jerry had a quick intellect and real intelligence," Senator Proxmire says of his coach.

Few issues considered by Congress in recent years have been more complex than whether to authorize an antiballistic-missile system. As Secretary of Defense, I briefed Congressional leaders about the proposed ABM program. After all the technical explanations, Jerry said: "The main issue here is whether we're going to reach an agreement with the Russians about limiting all kinds of missiles. We can't get an agreement with them if they have something and we have nothing."

He had cut to the heart of the matter, for that was the principal justification for authorizing the ABM program. Having first been elected to Congress as an anti-isolationist and having served for years on the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, Jerry of course knew as much about national-security matters as anyone on

Capitol Hill. But he has repeatedly demonstrated this capacity to get down to the core of a problem, whether it concerns defense, taxation, agriculture, health, education or welfare.

Once he has analyzed a problem, he also can be quick in deciding what to do about it. Although he has a reputation for conciliation, he sometimes adopts unpopular and uncompromising stands on matters of principle. Last spring, he had to decide whether to risk unpopularity, indeed enmity, among many Republicans in order to uphold a principle.

The Right to Be Independent. Over the years, Republican Rep. Paul N. McCloskey, Jr., of California had outaged a substantial segment of his party. He repudiated the Nixon position on Vietnam and called for unilateral withdrawal of all American forces. As early as June 1973, he suggested an impeachment investigation of President Nixon. To numerous party loyalists, this represented political treason. They organized a determined campaign to purge McCloskey in the California primaries.

No one disagreed with McCloskey more than Jerry. The two argued vehemently, on and off the House floor. However, a clash of ideas stimulates rather than angers Jerry Ford. He can differ radically with a man, yet still respect and admire him personally. In April, when McCloskey asked, "Jerry, could you possibly see your

way clear to help me?" Jerry said yes without hesitation.

Word that Ford intended to visit California in behalf of McCloskey brought down on him some of the most intense pressures of his political career. Important men in the party importuned him not to go. Others threatened him. "Whatever this costs me, I can't back down," Jerry told me. "I'm not defending Pete's [McCloskey's] views. I still think he's wrong. But what's at stake is the right of any Republican to obey his political conscience. If we forced every Republican to think exactly alike on every issue, we'd be a party of robots."

Not only did Jerry go to California; he persuaded a member of the ultra-rightist John Birch Society, Republican Rep. John H. Rousselot, to join him in tacitly endorsing McCloskey. When the 58,872 Republican primary votes were counted, McCloskey had won by a margin of 867. "Without any question, Jerry's appearance and kind words made the difference," the Congressman told me later.

Precisely how President Ford will apply himself to the solution of the immense and urgent national problems he has inherited no one can prophesy. Certainly it will be extraordinarily difficult and, at times, exceedingly painful to cope with the problems of inflation, dwindling natural resources, national defense, environment, disadvantaged minorities; the problems

of rebuilding vital foreign alliances and of charting peaceful relations with nations that still proclaim their determination to destroy Western democracy.

But I think there now exists among the American people a vast store-

house of goodwill and potential energy, a readiness to make sacrifices—provided the people are shown why sacrifices are needed and why they will be meaningful. The tapping of this great human resource awaits only national leadership.

II. NELSON ALDRICH ROCKEFELLER

BY ALVIN MOSCOW

The scion of an illustrious family, he came into a two-fold inheritance: immense wealth and an ingrained sense of obligation to lead a useful life

NELSON Aldrich Rockefeller, who had two very rich grandfathers, could have made a fantastic playboy. He had good looks, charisma, a zest for life and more inherited wealth than any ten ne'er-do-wells could spend in a lifetime. He chose, instead, to become a missionary in the risky realm of politics and government.

A VETERAN reporter and free-lance writer, Alvin Moscow is the author of the best-selling *Collision Course: The Andrea Doria and the Stockholm and Merchants of Heroin*. He is currently at work on *The Rockefeller Inheritance*, a biography of the five Rockefeller brothers.

The very idea of "copping out" for fun and games shocks him. When an associate suggested, not long ago, that he might have, Rockefeller retorted, "You know perfectly well I would have been bored to death."

As Vice President of the United States, Nelson Rockefeller will have a new mission in life. He will, I predict, work at it as no man has before. He will probably travel more miles, propose more new ideas, take on more responsibilities than any Vice President in history.

He is that kind of man—ebul-

lient, enthusiastic, optimistic, indefatigable. He is also fiercely independent, headstrong, a hard man to contain.

Rockefeller's selection revealed two things: that President Ford wants a strong Vice President and a strong, active administration; and that he possesses the inner strength and self-confidence to partner himself with eminent men.

Rockefeller, at 66, has 34 years of experience in government and politics. He served under Presidents Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower, and was Governor of New York for four terms—longer than any man since colonial times. Throughout his administrations he kept New York in the forefront of innovative, progressive social reform. Last December, he resigned as Governor and launched the 41-member Commission on Critical Choices for Americans, financing it with \$1 million out of his own pocket and \$1 million from his brother Laurance. His mission: to study the fundamental problems facing this nation in the years ahead. Among them: energy, ecology, economics, world stability, population, food supply, health.

Nelson Rockefeller's public career began quite by accident. His mother had been one of the founders of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City and, in 1939, President Roosevelt had been invited to speak at the opening of the museum's new building. In the course of his conversation with the President,



Nelson remarked that while the war clouds gathered over Europe, no one here was paying attention to South America. "Write me a memo on it," suggested Roosevelt.

Nelson composed a long memo on what should be done. The President, impressed, created a new bureau, and Nelson Rockefeller, at the age of 32, became the Coordinator for Inter-American Affairs during World War II. He loved every minute of it, the fast-paced action, the bureaucratic infighting, the sense of doing something significant.

After the war, Nelson played a significant role in some of the

provisions of the charter of the United Nations. Later, he personally arranged for his father to buy and donate an \$8.5-million strip of land in Manhattan for the permanent headquarters of the United Nations.

Under Eisenhower, as an assistant to the President, Rockefeller conducted 13 different surveys and programs for re-organizing and streamlining parts of the Executive Branch of government, ten of which were put into effect. One of them resulted in the establishment of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. He served as its first under-secretary.

Then, as Special Assistant to the President for Foreign Affairs, he was responsible for President Eisenhower's "open skies" plan to guard against secret preparations for atomic warfare. Nelson did not conceive the plan himself; what he did was to bring together a seminar of experts on international affairs, from colleges, foundations and government. He outlined the problem: What could the President do to convince the world that the United States wanted to end the cold war?

One man in the group volunteered a practical, pragmatic plan. He was an obscure Harvard professor with a thick German accent—Henry Kissinger. Nelson took that plan, worked on it and persuaded the President to present it as the policy of the United States. It was the start of a close and enduring

friendship. For a decade, Rockefeller retained the Harvard professor to advise him on foreign policy and international security. Then, in 1968, he recommended him to the newly elected President Nixon.

The Rockefeller-Kissinger relationship is not surprising. Nelson Rockefeller is not an intellectual or a scholar himself. He is first and foremost an activist—an administrator, a problem-solver. His method is to gather together experts on a given subject, define the problem, analyze alternative solutions, then pick the quickest and shortest route to get from here to there.

"There is no problem on God's earth that cannot be solved by man so long as he works at it hard enough and long enough," Rockefeller has said more than once—and he believes it.

As a boy Nelson would not apply himself to his studies. His puritanical father, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., despaired over him. Nelson was forever getting into mischief: flicking food across the stately Rockefeller dinner table, hiding a baby rabbit in his mother's muff in church, flunking subjects in high school. He was sent to Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire, because he could not qualify for Princeton, which was attended by his older brother John. At Dartmouth, his competitive spirit more than anything else made him work hard and he earned high academic grades.

Nelson Rockefeller grew up in splendor and the rarefied atmos-

phere of enormous wealth. Home was a 3000-acre estate in Westchester County, 30 miles north of New York City, and a nine-story town house where the Museum of Modern Art now stands. The crusading journalists of Theodore Roosevelt's time lambasted his grandfather, John D. Rockefeller, as a "Robber Baron" in oil, but Nelson remembers him as a wonderful old man, kindly, patient and humorous. He recalls his grandfather balancing dinner plates on the bridge of his nose and telling long, shaggy-dog stories that the boys thought were hilarious.

Nelson's father drummed into all his children a deep sense of responsibility. "I can think of nothing less pleasurable than a life devoted to pleasure," he told them. "I believe that every right implies a responsibility; every opportunity, an obligation; every possession, a duty." And because the Rockefeller children had more possessions and more opportunities than the average man, they also had greater responsibilities, obligations and duties.

Nelson can repeat to this day many of the Bible verses that he and his sister and four brothers recited from memory every morning of their childhood. He now leads the two young sons of his second marriage, as he did the five children of his first marriage, in prayers and verses from the Bible every morning at 7:30.

Nelson's grandfather, Nelson W. Aldrich, was a Rhode Island mil-

lionaire and one of the most powerful men in the U.S. Senate during the time of Woodrow Wilson. He is credited with having paved the way for the Federal Reserve Board and with regulating modern banking in the United States. Unlike the puritan Rockefellers, he was a bon vivant, a worldwide traveler and a voracious collector of art.

Nelson Rockefeller himself is a very social being. He loves people, parties, conversations and dancing—although, being a morning person, his energies begin to flag around 10 p.m., and he usually heads for bed at that hour. His conviviality stops short of smoking or drinking. A bit of red Dubonnet on the rocks and perhaps a small glass of wine with dinner constitute the extent of his drinking. He smokes not at all.

POLITICS is replete with ironies. Nelson Rockefeller long wanted to be President. He campaigned for the Republican nomination three times—in 1960, 1964 and 1968—but could never win. He was always considered too liberal and too independent to be acceptable to the conservative wing of his party. Now he emerges as just the kind of partner the conservative President Ford needs to help bring his country together and to heal the wounds of public cynicism over chicanery in government. "My fundamental mission as Vice President," he says, "will be to help Jerry Ford in any and every way I can."

“ Quotable Quotes ”

IT WAS the same with those old birds in Greece and Rome as it is now. The only thing new in the world is the history you don't know.

—Harry S. Truman, quoted by Merle Miller in *Plain Speaking* (Putnam)

THAT which we call sin in others is experiment for us. —Ralph Waldo Emerson

BOAST is always a cry of despair, except when in the young it is a cry of hope.

—Bernard Berenson, quoted by Umberto Morra in *Conversations With Berenson* (Houghton Mifflin)

EVERY man, wherever he goes, is encompassed by a cloud of comforting convictions, which move with him like flies on a summer day.

—Bertrand Russell

A NEWSPAPER is a circulating library with high blood pressure.

—Arthur Baer

FAILURE is the condiment that gives success its flavor.

—Truman Capote, *The Dogs Bark* (Random House)

THERE is nothing harder than the softness of indifference. —Juan Montalvo

TRUTH always originates in a minority of one, and every custom begins as a broken precedent.

—Will Durant

IF YOU cannot win, make the one ahead of you break the record.

—Jan McKeithen in Camden County, Ga., *Tribune*

IMAGINATION was given to man to compensate him for what he is not; a sense of humor, to console him for what he is.

—*The Wall Street Journal*

VISITORS should behave in such a way that the host and hostess feel at home.

—J. S. Farynski

FORGIVE your enemies—if you can't get back at them any other way.

—Franklin P. Jones in *The Wall Street Journal*

MAN'S mind stretched to a new idea never goes back to its original dimensions.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

Condensed from CAMPUS COLLOQUY

On Wasting Time

JAMES A. MICHENER

The “lost” years often turn out to have been the most productive of all

WE ALL worry about wasting time, about the years sliding past, about what we intend to do with our lives. We shouldn't. For there is a divine irrelevance in the universe that defies calculation. Many men and women win through to a sense of greatness in their lives only by first stumbling and fumbling their way into patterns that gratify them and allow them to utilize their endowments to the maximum.

If Swarthmore College in 1925

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had employed even a halfway decent guidance counselor, I would have spent my life as an assistant professor of education in some Midwestern university. Because when I reported to college it must have been apparent to everyone that I was destined for some kind of academic career. Nevertheless, I was allowed to take Spanish, which leads to nothing, instead of French or German, which as everyone knows are important languages studied by serious students who wish to gain a Ph.D.

I cannot tell you how often I was penalized for having taken a frivolous language like Spanish instead of a decent, self-respecting tongue

like French. In fact, it led to the sacrifice of my academic career.

Still, I continued to putter around with Spanish, eventually finding a deep affinity for it. In the end, I was able to write a book about Spain which will probably live longer than anything else I've done. In other words, I blindly backed into a minor masterpiece. There are thousands of people competent to write about France, and if I had taken that language in college I would have been prepared to add no new ideas to general knowledge. It was Spanish that opened up for me a whole new universe of concepts and ideas.

Actually, I wrote nothing at all until I was 40. This tardy beginning, one might say delinquency, stemmed from the fact that I had spent a good deal of my early time knocking around this country and Europe, trying to find out what I believed in, what values were large enough to enlist my sympathies during what I sensed would be a long and confused life. Had I committed myself at age 18, as I was encouraged to do, I would not even have known the parameters of the problem, and any choice I might have made then would have had to be wrong.

It took me 40 years to find out the facts.

As a consequence, I have never been able to feel anxiety about young people who are fumbling their way toward the enlightenment that will keep them going. I doubt that a young man—unless he wants to be a doctor or a research chemist, in

which case a substantial body of specific knowledge must be mastered within a prescribed time—is really capable of wasting time, *regardless* of what he does. I believe you have until age 35 to decide finally on what you are going to do, and that any exploration you pursue in the process will in the end turn out to have been creative.

Indeed, it may well be that the years observers describe as "wasted" will prove to have been the most productive of those insights which will keep you going. The trip to Egypt. The two years spent working as a runner for a bank. The spell you spent on the newspaper in Idaho. Your apprenticeship at a trade. These are the ways in which a young man ought to spend his life... the ways of "waste" that lead to true knowledge.

Two more comments. First, I have recently decided that the constructive work of the world is done by an appallingly small percentage of the general population. The rest simply don't give a damn... or they grow tired... or they failed to acquire when young the ideas that would vitalize them for the long decades.

I am not saying that such people don't matter. They are among the most precious items on earth. But they cannot be depended upon either to generate necessary new ideas or to put them into operation if someone else generates them. Therefore, those men and women who do have the energy to form new constructs and

new ways to implement them must do the work of many. I believe it to be an honorable aspiration to want to be among those creators.

Second, I was about 40 when I retired from the rat race, having satisfied myself that I could handle it if I had to. I saw then that a man could count his life a success if he survived—merely having ended up to age 70 without having served in jail (because he couldn't adjust to the minimum laws that society requires) or having landed in the booby hatch (because he could not bring his personality into harmony with the personalities of others).



Notes From All Over

AN AIR-FREIGHT company decided to make good on a claim for a 50-pound shipment of sausages lost en route. A company guard was identified as the thief. His name is Chief Red Arrow. He's a German shepherd. He ate the sausages.

—*Journal of Insurance*

THE NEWEST thing in Tokyo night life is the geisha boy, which is the liberated Japanese women's answer to the geisha girl. At Host Clubs, male geishas perform such daring services as opening doors, holding chairs and lighting cigarettes for tired businesswomen.

—*Harold Coffin in San Francisco Examiner*

THE MANAGER of a department store in Wolverhampton, England, wrote a note of commendation to Gwen James, saleswoman at the china counter. He put the note into an envelope and addressed it to "Mrs. James in China." Two months and 10,000 miles later she

I believe this now without question: income, position, the opinion of one's friends, the judgment of one's peers and all the other traditional criteria by which human beings are generally judged are for the birds. The only question is, "Can you hang on through the crap they throw at you and not lose your freedom or your good sense?"

I am now 67½, and it looks as if I've made it. Whatever happens now is on the house... and of no concern to me.

◆ For information on reprints of this article, see page 47 ◆

received the message. It had traveled all the way to China, was postmarked Peking and marked "Return to Sender."

—*Iris Hartman, NANA-WNS*

As a convenience for left-handed customers, the Bank of Honolulu supplies checkbooks with stubs on the right side of the book.

—*Harold Coffin in San Francisco Examiner*

THE SOVIET Union is getting into the beauty-contest business after years of official scorn. However, the Soviet contestants wear aprons instead of swimsuits, and instead of showing off ample bosoms, they exhibit "personalities." To compete, the girls perform such tasks as weighing a herring, adjusting a TV set or mending a doll's dress. "To win a contest on appearance only is humiliating," according to one Red official.

—*Quoted by Jan McKeithen in Camden County, Ga., Tribune*

Troubled Waters for the U.S. Navy

A distinguished military analyst examines the lowered standards and eroded command authority that are compromising America's fleet—and pleads for a return to discipline and pride of service

Condensed from
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
HANSON W. BALDWIN

EVENING descends over the Gulf of Tonkin—the beginning of a long night for the United States Navy. After a full day of launching air strikes over Vietnam, the mighty carrier *Kitty Hawk* rests in calm seas, a floating city of 4483 men.

It is 7 p.m. on October 12, 1972, and for the next 7½ hours terror stalks the decks. Bands of black sailors wielding chains, wrenches, fire-extinguisher nozzles and metal pipes go marauding in search of "white trash." Sleeping crewmen are

dragged from their bunks, beaten unconscious and left bleeding. Those able to stagger to the ship dispensary are harassed, as they await treatment, by another band of blacks. Forty white and six black crewmen are wounded, three so seriously that they must be airlifted to shore hospitals. Not until the early hours of the morning is the riot quelled.

The *Kitty Hawk* violence was a frightening manifestation of a widespread infection that has festered for years in the U.S. Navy while a social revolution convulsed the United States. Since 1971, there have been at least ten significant mutinous naval incidents. Two of these confrontations—the one on the *Kitty Hawk* and a second racial blow-up aboard the carrier *Constellation* less than a month later—caused the House

Armed Services Committee to launch a full-scale investigation of "disciplinary problems in the U.S. Navy." Its special investigatory subcommittee, headed by Rep. Floyd V. Hicks (D., Wash.), concluded: "The Navy is now confronted with pressures, both from within and without, which if not controlled will surely destroy its enviable tradition of discipline."

An environment of leniency, appeasement and permissiveness, the subcommittee found, has enhanced chances for mutinous acts and brought about an "alarming frequency" of sabotage. It pointed to lowered Navy recruiting and training standards as causing an influx of "agitators and troublemakers," thus creating fertile ground for trouble.

The Hicks report has been criticized as overstatement by some in the Navy. The *Kitty Hawk*, they note, had already undergone several extended periods of combat activity, and now, instead of going home as originally scheduled, was once more returned to combat. Frustration had built up among crew members. Yet a recent visit I made to many ships and stations of our Mediterranean-based Sixth Fleet, sampling opinions from admiral to seaman, bears out the report's findings. And last November, the commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet sent a message to all ships and stations, noting in his own command "the disregard of law, order and common decency . . . an atmosphere of lawlessness,

intimidation and defiance of established authority . . . unprovoked assaults and robberies by marauding gangs of Navy personnel . . . a comparable rise in the number of incidents of theft in and physical damage to officers' and enlisted quarters."

Like all our institutions, the Navy has reaped the whirlwind of the revolution in values, the drug culture, black militancy and anti-military attitudes growing in part out of the Vietnam war. These pressures have weakened the fleet at the very time it is faced with the challenge of rapidly expanding Soviet sea power. But some of the Navy's problems are of its own making.

Intent vs. Effect. Malaise in the ranks has coincided with the most profound internal changes in the Navy's history, begun in 1970 under Chief of Naval Operations Adm. Elmo R. Zumwalt, who ended his term this summer. This personable, energetic, bright officer—youngest ever to hold the post of CNO—firmly believed that the Navy must change along with the nation. But the speed and manner in which he proceeded to foster that change have split the Navy wide open. Many young officers and enlisted men believe that Zumwalt is the "best thing that ever happened to the Navy." They applaud the more relaxed discipline and the emphasis on *people* that have marked his tenure. However, numerous officers and chief petty officers (CPOs) blame the admiral for a dangerous weakening of the Navy's chain of command.

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The backbone of Zumwalt's controversial program has been his famous "Z-grams," directives on Navy matters ranging from shore leave to washroom facilities. Many Z-grams aimed to eliminate "Mickey Mouse" irritations—unnecessary or obsolete regulations—from Navy life and thus improve the attractiveness of a service career. Others aimed to alleviate racial frictions. The collective *intent* of the Z-grams, most Navy men would agree, has been praiseworthy. But their *effect* has often been unpredictable or deplorable.

For example, Z-gram 57, issued in November 1970, explicitly allowed any officer or enlisted man "to grow sideburns or neatly trimmed beards or mustaches," and authorized wearing of dungarees to and from work. New rules already permitted such changes, but the Z-gram emphasized the point. Men in dirty or frayed dungarees, displaying the greatest variety of hair styles ever seen in the Navy, became a common sight at many naval stations. Subsequent Z-grams attempted to clarify standards of personal appearance, but Pandora's box had been opened. Says a Sixth Fleet CPO wearily: "It's nonsense the amount of time we have to spend on a simple thing like haircuts." And the net result, as the Hicks subcommittee put it, has been a "slovenly" look to the men.

Double Standard. By far the most potentially detrimental of Zumwalt's reforms have been those which, in fact though not by intent, have

weakened the chain of command. For instance, each major command was ordered to designate a minority-affairs officer who would have "direct access" to the commanding officer and "be consulted on all matters involving minority personnel." Special human-relations councils were set up; "gripe" sessions and "hot lines" for complaints direct to commanding officers were instituted. The intent—to establish a "viable two-way dialogue at all levels of command"—was commendable, but in effect juniors were encouraged to bypass superiors. As the Hicks report noted, middle-grade officers were convinced that "their authority had been diluted."

Following the *Kitty Hawk* and *Constellation* incidents, Zumwalt publicly admonished senior Navy officers and his staff—even before the facts in these cases were fully known—for failing to solve racial problems within the Navy. The Hicks subcommittee tersely rebuked him, regretting that the tradition of not criticizing seniors in front of their subordinates was ignored. Furthermore, the Hicks report found no "instances of institutional discrimination on the part of the Navy toward any group of persons, majority or minority."

Yet racial frictions in the past few years have been increased rather than decreased by the subtle establishment in the fleet of what amounts to two standards—one of them preferential for minority groups. Time and again, officers and

petty officers have said that they are hesitant to record offenses against blacks. Any reprimand of a black sailor, they fear, may be taken as a racial rather than a naval matter. And the appellation "racist"—easily applied but hard to outgrow in the service today—can be the kiss of death to promotion.

Quotas and Charm Schools. Despite the Nixon Administration's avowed opposition to quotas as a discriminatory way of achieving equal opportunity, the Navy's recruitment goals for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1973, were established at 12-percent black, 6-percent other minorities. With the draft scheduled to end on the same date, the Navy intensified its drive for black recruits.

Enlistment standards had been lowered for a time in the early 1960s to permit recruitment of high-school dropouts and candidates with the equivalent of only a sixth-grade education. Now again standards were lowered, and emphasis shifted to numbers, not quality. During one period, 20 percent of all enlistees were from Mental Group IV—the least-educated, lowest-scoring category. Many had only rudimentary knowledge of mathematics and English, in a service where technical analysis and effective communication are essential for promotion.

At this critical juncture, the Navy's three recruit-training schools—at Great Lakes, Ill., San Diego, Calif., and Orlando, Fla.—reduced training time from the prior nine

weeks (it used to be 11) to seven. Referred to scornfully by many CPOs as "charm schools," these training stations reflected much of the same new permissiveness as the rest of the Navy. "The hardest thing I had to do at Great Lakes," one sailor said, "was to fold my skivvies."

Spurred by Congressional and public criticism after the riots and mutinies of 1972 and 1973, the Navy is striving to remedy the enlistment situation. Standards have been raised—despite the fact that the draft ended last year—and the percentage of Group IVs accepted has dropped sharply. Training camps have been returned to a nine-week cycle, with increased emphasis on discipline, traditions and shipboard training.

"Conviction of Excellence." But the Navy's manpower problems are far from over. In the last six months of fiscal 1973, the now all-volunteer Navy was able to enlist only 83 percent of its needs and ended up more than 8000 men short of authorized strength. Equally important, the Navy is having a tough time keeping men aboard.

All sorts of inducements to persuade men to make the Navy a career are being tried. Bonuses are offered to specially qualified men who sign on for a second tour of duty after their first expires. The bonus can be as high as \$15,000 for officers or men with critical or highly important specialties. As a result, the retention rate of first-term enlistees—only 10.3 percent in 1970—rose to a respectable 23 percent in

fiscal year 1973. Yet many of those who choose to stay in are not nearly as qualified as many of those who, missing in today's Navy the sense of a job worth doing, opt to get out.

Thus, the Navy of today is in crisis. Too often, there is lacking that "conviction of excellence," which the late Fleet Adm. Ernest J. King defined as the kernel of morale. Indeed, spirits were so low among embattled command-rank officers in the Sixth Fleet early in 1973 that Vice Adm. Gerald E. Miller felt constrained to issue a special order reaffirming his faith in these men.

Walking the Cat Back. Nevertheless, there *are* bright overtones in the somber picture. First and most important, the majority of the Navy's personnel—white, black or of whatever ethnic group—are sound; misfits, militants and malcontents are a minority. Properly screened and selected, the young recruit of today has at least one asset his forefathers never had: a much better technical education, and therefore a capacity for grasping the complex details of a highly technical profession.

Second, not all ships are affected by the general malaise, and it is clear that a good captain can usually foster a "happy ship." In particular, aviators and submarine crews—both carefully selected, both with a sense of dedication to their jobs, both keyed to teamwork—have so far proved relatively immune to the deterioration.

But it is always harder, in the Navy's phrase, to "walk the cat back" when discipline has once been relaxed and morale has declined, especially since heavy pressures on the side of more permissiveness are still being exerted.

The first and fundamental necessity in the renaissance of the U.S. Navy is public support. To win public support, the Navy must clean its own house. It must promote to positions of leadership men dedicated to holding the line against unwise bureaucratic, political and sociological pressures; men who put establishment of a disciplined, dependable and effective fleet above all else. This leadership must stress selectivity and quality of personnel, not quotas or quantity. It must stress one standard for all. As Rear Adm. Samuel L. Gravely, Jr., the Navy's first black admiral, said some time ago, "Equal opportunity should mean just that—and nothing else."

The Hicks report put the problem in a nutshell: "Discipline is the keystone of the armed services of any nation. If discipline collapses, a military force becomes a leaderless, uniformed mob." There is not, there cannot be, there never will be a so-called "democratic" army or navy. There can be a navy of a democracy, but it must be composed of proud, high-spirited young men who expect and welcome a structured life of discipline tempered with humanitarianism.



The Day I Tried Psychology

By J. P. McEvoy

MY WIFE claims all children dawdle over their food, our children are no different from others, and nothing can be done about it. And I claim this is nonsense.

Recently I decided that the ineffectual fumbling which women call their intuition was getting nowhere, and it was time for me to step in with my calm, dispassionate and logical mind. "For your information," I said, "the experts say children can be trained, like savages, to accept authority when it is transferred to an inanimate object like a stone idol. In this case you merely transfer your authority to something which the children cannot argue with."

"Like what?" asked my wife.

And then I came up with my great idea: "The alarm clock! Set the alarm, and tell the children when the bell rings the plates will be whisked away to the kitchen."

"It won't work," said my wife.

"You'll see," I told her.

Next morning our two little girls sat fascinated over their breakfast, watching the minute hand creep around to the fatal spot. They were so hypnotized waiting for the bell to ring, they didn't eat anything.

When the alarm sounded I ruthlessly whisked the plates away. The children whisked right after me with howls of rage. I was calm but firm. Result: the children had such hysterics they couldn't go to school.

I pointed out to my wife that, after all, nothing is perfected with just one experiment. "We'll try again tomorrow."

We did. And again the children were fascinated. But this time, just as the bell started to ring, they began gulping everything down as fast as they could. Result: such violent indigestion they couldn't go to school that day, either.

"I hope you're satisfied now," said my wife. "For the innocent habit of dawdling over their food you have substituted two vicious habits which will probably stay with the poor little dears all their lives, blasting their health and happiness: (a) you've turned them into clock-watchers; (b) you've started them down the road to dyspepsia and stomach ulcers."

I still think there's a place in this cockeyed world of intuitive mothers and unpredictable children for the calm, logical, masculine mind.

But I can't find it.



Deep Sea Troubleshooter

In the tough world of the offshore oil rigs, Henri Delauze is in his element

By ALAN TILLIER

ENGINEERS spun open the heavy door of a cylindrical diving decompression chamber aboard the oil-drilling ship *Astragale*, tied up in Marseille harbor. Through the hatch stepped three French aquanauts—pale and tired, but smiling. Their emergence on that September evening in 1970 marked another triumph for Comex (Compagnie Maritime d'Expertises), one of the world's top industrial deep-sea diving companies, and for its 45-year-old founder, Henri Delauze (pronounced De lohz'). That moment was the pay-off of a two-year, \$2.5 million research effort to develop ways of servicing deepwater oil wells.

The need to develop such technology had long been obvious to



Delauze, a 1000-dive veteran of many underwater engineering projects. In the world scramble for offshore oil, the big oil companies were spending billions of dollars on exploration, equipment and drilling. But they had to rely on professional divers to service their deep-sea facilities and, in particular, the "blowout" preventers which are vital for avoiding an uncontrolled outflow of gas or oil under extremely high pressure.

In 1965, Delauze launched his fledgling company on a series of hundreds of test dives to find out just how long and how deep divers could work on such complicated tasks. In an actual seabed experiment, financed jointly by the French oil company Elf-Erap and

by the French National Center for the Exploitation of the Oceans (CNEXO), Delauze took a group of oil executives aboard *Astragale* and put three divers through an oil-well repair exercise on the seabed in the Bay of Ajaccio, off Corsica.

For eight days, oilmen and scientists watched in fascination over a seabed to ship television hookup as the team worked with specially designed hydraulic tools, 840 feet below the surface. While one diver manned the base, an eight-foot-high diving bell resembling a space capsule, the other two shuttled back and forth through the depths to a mockup seabed oil well. They cut and welded pipes, assembled joining lengths, used tackles to lift pipe sections weighing up to 880 pounds.

The success of this experiment gave Comex a lead in technical expertise that Delauze has never surrendered to his competitors. Even today, when the company dominates its field—it has 300 divers working on 35 rigs round the world, 400 other highly trained staff and an annual turn-over of \$36 million—Delauze plows back much of his yearly profit to maintain his technological advantage. Says British shipping and oil-rig operator John Houlder, who works in partnership with Delauze as chairman of the British subsidiary company, Comex Diving Limited, "I've never seen such a professional. He is always looking to the future."

Delauze's affair with the sea

blossomed when he was a student at Aix-en-Provence after the war. Inspired by the early oceanographic exploits of Commander Jacques-Yves Cousteau [See "Wet World of Jacques-Yves Cousteau" RD, December 1973], he and his friends often went to Cassis, near Marseille, and dived with the aqualung Cousteau had helped invent. At the end of his military service, Delauze volunteered to work for Cousteau and became one of his best divers, as well as an excellent bathyscaphe diver for the French Government.

Get Set. Each job Delauze undertook broadened his experience and taught him new methods of solving deep-sea problems. Working on a tunnel under the bay of Havana, he discovered a new way of casting concrete underwater by lowering it through a telescopic tube. When deepening the port of La Rochelle, he developed a submarine-like gadget for laying foundations on the seabed. After earning a Master of Science degree from the University of California, he began designing his own diving bells, mini-submarines and other underwater equipment. Then in 1962, with savings of some \$25,000, Delauze decided to form Comex.

A few years later, the head of the Total oil group's offshore division gave Delauze a check worth some \$120,000 and told him: "That's to finance your diving operation. Spend the money well, for one day we will really need you." Delauze

wisely poured all the money into research and, with a staff of less than 20, began building his first diving bells in a Marseille garage.

Today, his country house headquarters is set at the foot of the coastal hills, only a few miles from where he first went diving as a teenager. Everything in his office reflects his long affair with the sea—the charts, the blown-up photographs of marine life, Roman and Greek vases he has picked up from the Mediterranean floor, replicas of bathyscaphes and designs for submarines. Multilingual secretaries maintain phone links with Comex offices from Houston to Singapore, from Norway to Zaire, from Brazil to the Persian Gulf.

On Trial. The adjacent deep-sea test laboratory has the feel of a small space center, for Delauze is constantly adding to his already powerful arsenal of high-performance underwater equipment. On one side of the grounds shimmers a large swimming pool with a special deep well used for diver-training. On the other is the world's biggest deep-water simulation hydrosphere, belonging to CNEOX. This is a steel sphere, filled partly with water, partly with a helium/oxygen mixture, in which the exact conditions a diver will encounter at the bottom of the sea can be simulated.

In a vast workshop nearby, Delauze watches from an observation platform as engineers assemble different-sized diving bells. These

stainless steel bells, weighing up to 11,000 pounds, are studded with 12 watertight portholes and rest on three retractable legs. Cylinders attached to the outside provide breathing and pressurization gases. The bells, which can be equipped with self-propulsion and sonar systems, are linked to the surface by a cable capable of lifting 40 tons.

Smaller underwater equipment made at the plant includes remote-controlled television circuits, X-ray cameras for examining welded joints, and ultra-sonic devices to measure the thickness of metals. Altogether Comex now has some 42 underwater systems, costing an average \$375,000 for the standard equipment, an increasing proportion of which is made in Britain.

Despite such sophisticated devices, it is precision planning and reliability in any emergency that keep Delauze's worldwide business growing. In November 1973, for example, on the "Ocean Rover," a \$375-million semi-submersible drilling platform in the North Sea, the lifting gear broke as the blowout preventer was being raised after completion of a well. The preventer, weighing about 200 tons, plummeted to the seabed some 600 feet down. Since its loss could cost the rig \$37,500 a day, and a replacement might take a year to obtain, it had to be retrieved quickly.

Three men from the British Comex company were detailed to a hunt through the depths. From a

diving bell in which they endured a punishing pressure of 200 pounds a square inch, they glided out to search the seabed. Within a day the preventer had been found and brought to the surface.

Delauze spends up to \$12,500 training a diver for North Sea work, the toughest in the business because of the stormy sea conditions. Candidates are put through a rigorous two-month diving course at a training base west of Marseille, and a six-month trial on a rig. By then, these men can earn more than \$1500 a month and travel widely. Thanks to the best backup service in the diving world, the company's safety record is second to none; doctors fly from Marseille to a rig anywhere in the world if a Comex man is suffering from serious decompression "bends" or is injured.

To fight one of the diver's worst enemies, intense cold, Delauze abandoned standard rubber diving suits and financed the development of electrically heated models. With these, the diver is tethered to the bell on the seabed by an electric cable that also carries the telephone line. In order to protect his internal organs as well, the cold helium mixture piped from the bell is warmed by a compact electric heating unit strapped to his back.

Yet above all, Delauze the diver and inventor is overshadowed by

Delauze the salesman. On one occasion, he heard that divers were wanted to work on a drill ship off Labrador in water of minus two degrees centigrade (28.4 F.). "Our American competitors were also after the contract, but no one had ever dived in such conditions," recalls Delauze, "so I put my men through a special training course. Then I flew the oil company executives to Marseille and ushered them inside our big test bell just to demonstrate how we would do the job. Our price was the highest, but we won the contract."

Long-Term View. Delauze already services the majority of the North Sea rigs through the British Comex company, which employs some 250 men. To prepare for the day, within the next few years, when 30 more rigs are expected to go into operation searching for oil even deeper down, Comex is spending millions to enable its divers eventually to work as deep as 1500 to 2000 feet. "Beyond that—where the great mineral riches lie—robots will have to take over. But even then there will be a need for Comex men in their bells to direct the robots," says Delauze.

Indeed, in an energy-starved world, the future for Comex seems full of vital challenges. Delauze doesn't mind. He is in his element. "The deep sea is my world," he says.



Even with a dull ax you can blaze a trail. —Robert Powers

Are You Up in Space?

BY ROLAND ANDERSON

EVER since the launching of the first Russian sputnik, we have followed the many exciting stages of man's conquest of space. Who doesn't remember the first manned space travels, or the first steps on the moon, and, more recently, the sojourn of the men on Skylab? But many things that were once hot news are beginning to fade from our memory. Here's a chance to check how much you can recall from the first few years of the space age. For correct answers, see page 48.

PHOTO: NASA/USIS

1. When the Russians launched their first satellite, "Sputnik" became overnight a serious rival to "njet" as the best-known Russian word in the rest of the world. When did this happen?

a) March 3, 1954; b) October 4, 1957; c) November 3, 1959.

2. The fortunes of the Soviet space dog Laika were followed with great interest. Do you remember what breed she was?

a) Eskimo dog; b) Saint Bernard; c) Dachshund.

3. During 1959, the Russians made three lunar shots. The first probe passed by the moon, the second one crashed on the moon, and the third one photographed the far side of the moon. What were these lunar probes called?

a) Pioneer; b) Vostok; c) Lunik.

4. The first man in space was the Russian Yuri Gagarin who circled once round the earth in 1961. Who was number two?

a) German Titov; b) Alan Shepard; c) John Glenn.

5. In 1961, the first probe was sent off toward another planet. Which one?

a) Venus; b) Mars; c) Mercury.

6. The following year, the first TV broadcasts via satellite were made. What was the name of the satellite?

a) Telstar; b) Intelsat; c) Televisaya.

7. In June 1963, the first female cosmonaut was sent into space. What was her name?

a) Nina Fedorova; b) Maria Ulyanova; c) Valentina Terezhkova.

8. In 1965, the first space walk was made—a member of the crew left the spaceship for 20 minutes. Who was it?

a) Charles Conrad; b) Gordon Cooper; c) Aleksey Leonov.

9. The same year two American Gemini capsules successfully joined up in space for the first time. What was the operation called?

a) Space kiss; b) Docking; c) Capsule joining.

10. On July 20, 1969, Neil Armstrong became the first human being to set foot on the moon. Where did this historic event take place?

a) Sea of Tranquility; b) Sea of Rains; c) Sea of Serenity.

11. The words that Neil Armstrong then uttered have become a familiar quotation. What did he say?

a) "Much ado about nothing"; b) "I claim you for mankind"; c) "That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind."

12. The Soviet Union instead set its hopes on the eight-wheel mooncar Lunokhod which was operated from the earth. It drove about on the moon from the end of 1970 for nearly a year. What caused it to stop functioning?

a) A broken spark plug; b) It overturned in a crater; c) The machinery froze when its atomic heating system stopped working.

Everyone's Mad About Mary

By JAMES STEWART-GORDON

EVERYBODY—men, women, children, dogs, cats, parakeets, you name it—loves Mary Tyler Moore. Men think of her as the perfect mate. To women, she is a nicely mannered Joan of Arc. Children love her humor. And as for dogs, cats and parakeets—well, they have their own reasons which they have not yet disclosed.

In the make-believe world of TV situation comedy, the tall, slender figure of Ms. Moore stands out like a Tiffany diamond on a counter of costume jewelry. Ever since she made her debut as the endearing, neat-as-a-pin "wife" on "The Dick Van Dyke Show" in 1961, she has been winning awards for her crisp comedy. Today, as the star of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," she has emerged not only as a comedienne, but as a Girl for All Seasons who can captivate her audience by creating a character they feel they know.

Described by *Newsweek* as "The Fantasy Girl of the American Dream," Ms. Moore this year not only won her fourth Emmy as the best comedy actress on TV, but also



The bouncy, beautiful, talented, lovable star of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" has a certain something that 30 million TV fans can't bear to miss

managed to send her darts into the basalt hearts of the TV critics. One of them, the oft-tart-tongued "Cy-clops," sighed, "If only both of us weren't married to someone else."

Mary's popularity with women, aside from her incontestable comedic talents, is wired directly into the image she projects on her program. The part is that of "Mary Richards," assistant producer of a news program on a TV station in Minneapolis. As a "new woman" of the 1970s, Mary Richards competes with her male colleagues on their own terms. She is 34, unmarried and unattached. She is funny without being slapstick, bright but not aggressive. She is also beautiful, lovable and as wholesome as a box of Grandma's cookies.

The mail brings bushel baskets of letters from women who say things like: "Thank you for Mary Richards. I am 35, unmarried and not looking very hard. Since your program came on the air, people have begun to understand that there is a life for women like me. Married friends have stopped being patronizing; some are even a bit envious!"

In three years the show has built up an audience of more than 30 million viewers. Members of the Moore team have won 16 Emmy Awards. The show is currently rated among the nation's top seven TV entertainments.

Mary Tyler Moore was born on December 29, 1937, in Brooklyn, N.Y., the daughter of Marjorie Hackett and George Tyler Moore, a utility executive. When she was

eight, the family moved to Los Angeles. Always a fantasist, the shy new-girl-on-the-block began spending her after-school time at home in front of the radio, dancing extemporaneously to the music while she made up stories about being a princess who was good at everything.

Noticing that Mary was not getting along very well in her new neighborhood, her Aunt Elberta spoke to Mary's mother. "A new kid has to be *best* in something to be accepted. We have to find something for poor Mary." Her mother agreed and when her aunt learned that there was a neighborhood dancing school, she persuaded Mary's mother to enter her. Mary had found her niche.

By the time she entered high school, Mary was taking drama, dancing and singing lessons, and giving public performances locally. The day after she graduated, she auditioned for a job doing a TV commercial as "Happy Hotpoint," a tiny pixie who advertised stoves. She got the job. She also got her triple-threat name. When she joined Actors Equity, the registration clerk pointed out that there were already five Mary Moores on the list. "Do you have a middle name?" the clerk asked. "Tyler," Mary replied. "Okay," said the clerk, unaware that she was making history. "From now on, you're Mary Tyler Moore."

Three months after graduation, Mary, just 17, married Richard Meeker, a next-door neighbor. Two months later Mary was pregnant,

What Makes Mary So Lovable?

Condensed from NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

"It's comfortable for people to think there's someone like her in America."

—ALLAN BURNS, TV writer

"I think it's her vulnerability that makes her particularly appealing. Little girl lost. Also, she's beautiful without being threatening."

—PERRY LAFFERTY, CBS vice president

"She is a very gutsy lady, single-minded and with an amazing ability to concentrate. She is ambitious, but for her talent, not necessarily for power or control over the show."

—GRANT TINKER, MTM's husband

"She is a high-school sweetheart who hasn't gone sour; an intelligent, highly polished, well-engineered product of the American Dream that hasn't faded."

—TRACY JOHNSTON, freelance writer

and beginning to realize that the marriage was not working out. Shortly after the birth of her son, Richie, in 1956, Mary, who had begun to work as a chorus-line dancer on "The Eddie Fisher Show," parted from her husband, found a small house in Studio City and began the struggle to earn a living.

It was not the easiest time in Mary's life. Determined to raise her son by herself, and to have a career, she began to hope that she might get a break—a regular spot on a regular show with a regular paycheck. The break came on a part she *didn't* get in 1959. Danny Thomas, casting his own show, auditioned Mary for the role of his daughter. "Kid," he said, "you're great. You have everything you need for the part. But, frankly, do you think anyone would believe that someone with a nose like mine could have a

daughter with a nose like yours?"

Mary thanked him and walked out of the studio. But something in the way she walked away stuck in Thomas' mind. A year later, in need of a special girl to play the wife in the upcoming "Dick Van Dyke Show," Thomas turned to his partner, Carl Reiner, and said, "How about the kid with the funny nose and those three names?" They sent for Mary—and "The Dick Van Dyke Show" made her a star.

In 1963, she married Grant Tinker, then in the TV department of an advertising agency connected with the show. Three years later "The Dick Van Dyke Show" ended its run. Mary, now a recognized TV personality, was signed by Universal to a six-picture contract—as their "surefire answer" to Doris Day. But Universal put her in pictures so awful that, Mary says now, "they're

even afraid to show them on late-night Icelandic TV." From the top of the heap, Mary slid to the bottom; after her sixth picture, her contract was terminated.

Out of work but happy in her marriage, Mary was overjoyed to find that she was pregnant. But in her fourth month, she had a miscarriage and, while recovering from that blow, was told that tests indicated that she had an advanced case of diabetes; for the rest of her life she would have to follow a rigorous medical and dietetic routine.

Though only 32, Mary seemed to have reached a professional dead end. Then fate took a turn for the better. Dick Van Dyke had agreed to do a special program for CBS and needed a central idea around which to build an hour-long show. When someone suggested that he hunt up Mary Tyler Moore and do some of their old routines, Dick eagerly agreed. Their reunion was simple and heartfelt, and the show—true to the old show-biz script—was a slam-bang triumph.

By the time the reviews were in the next day, every major network was after Mary with offers to do her own show. This time, however, Grant Tinker stepped in. Knowing the torment she had suffered, aware that her career had almost been ruined by miscasting and interference, he told her, "Mimmsy, this time you control the show. You make the decisions." Buoyed by his confidence in her, Mary agreed. She accepted CBS's offer, and Grant brought together TV writers Allan Burns and Jim Brooks who created a format that Grant and Mary knew would work.

Four months later, in September 1970, "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," owned and controlled by Mary Tyler Moore and her husband, went on the air. The show was an outstanding hit and, in its first year, won four Emmy Awards—for acting, directing, writing. Determination and decency had won the day.

Recently, I visited Mary on the set of her show in Hollywood. She was dressed in a long, white caftan,

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On Wasting Timepage 29
The One Sure Way to Happinesspage 109

Prices: 10—50¢; 50—\$2; 100—\$3.50; 500—\$12.50; 1000—\$20.

A set of 33 articles published to date on "Joe's" body parts (several of "Jane's" are included) is available at \$2.

Write Reprint Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570. Prices, in U.S. dollars, postpaid to one address.

instead of her usual blue jeans, and her marvelous bouncy brown hair was piled into a pinned-up pony tail. Despite her celebrity and beauty, she seemed extremely shy.

When the director called, "Lunch, one hour," Mary left the set and came forward to meet me. For a moment I wasn't sure whether to greet her as Miss Richards or Ms. Moore. So, at the end of our lunch, I asked the \$64 question: "Which is the real Mary . . . Tyler Moore or Richards?"

"That would depend on whom you asked," she answered with an incandescent smile. "If you asked Mary Richards, she would say *she* was."

"And Mary Tyler Moore?"

"She probably would tell you the same thing."

"You mean . . ." I stammered—a light bulb flashing in my dazzled brain—"both are Mary?"

She nodded and stood up. The interview was over. And I was in love. Like everybody else.

Wit Lashes

A CELEBRITY, notoriously tight with his money, was dining with some others in a restaurant. Someone pointed him out with the remark, "He's the one over there sitting with his back to the check."

—Robert Sylvester, Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate

MARK TWAIN said sadly, of a friend, "He is as ignorant as an unborn babe! Ignorant as unborn *twins*!"

DURING a question-and-answer period after a talk by playwright Edward Albee, a member of the audience stood up and prefaced his remarks with "As a budding critic . . ." At this point Albee interrupted and said, "Budding? I thought they just burst into full weed." —Leonard Lyons

IRISH poet and parliamentarian John Philpot Curran was in a Dublin drawing room where a large number of mediocrities were airing their importance, and a friend informed Curran that there was not a man among them who did not have a distinguished ancestor.

"Bless my soul," replied Curran. "What a crowd of anticlimaxes!"

—The Wit of the Irish, compiled by Sean McCann (Aurora)

Answers to "Are You Up in Space?" (See page 42)

- | | | |
|------|------|-------|
| 1) b | 5) a | 9) b |
| 2) a | 6) a | 10) a |
| 3) c | 7) c | 11) c |
| 4) b | 8) c | 12) c |

One of the great natural mysteries of Australia has been a strange, hauntingly beautiful creature, the lyrebird. Its legendary powers of singing and mimicry have long intrigued ornithologists, but many an attempt to study the bird in its native habitat has been thwarted by the creature's uncanny elusiveness. For 13 years, however, a lyrebird apparently fond of human company made repeated appearances at the cottage of an elderly woman in the Dandenong Ranges outside Melbourne. This strange relationship between Mrs. Edith Wilkinson and the bird attracted naturalists from all over the world. One was Ambrose Pratt, late president of the Royal Zoological Society of Victoria. "Mr. Pratt's *The Lore of the Lyrebird* was the first book I ever read on the subject," says Dr. Leonard Smith, Director of National Parks in Victoria. "Although more recent researchers suggest that Mr. Pratt's descriptions of James's human-like behavior were sometimes overly enthusiastic, I still derive great pleasure from the story."

"MIRACLE IN THE DANDENONGS"

BY AMBROSE PRATT

I HAD about given up hope of ever meeting face to face with a lyrebird—the fabled *Menua*—when word came to Melbourne of a woman living in the mountains only 25 miles away who had actually made friends with one. In short order a group of us had wangled an invitation to Mrs. Edith Wilkinson's secluded little cottage, and there, a few mornings later, seated behind an open window, we witnessed an extraordinary performance.

From up the valley we could hear the bird approaching, his resonant calls growing louder. Suddenly, with

a clatter, he landed on a platform Mrs. Wilkinson had built for him just outside the window. His symmetrical body resembled that of a young guinea fowl, but one graced with a long, amazingly flexible neck and a sweeping tail nearly twice the length of his body.

"Hullo, boy," said Mrs. Wilkinson, softly.

"Hullo, boy," said the bird in exact imitation of her tone. He advanced to the very edge of the window, poised for flight should one of us move, and regarded us intently with bright, black eyes. Then he

CONDENSED FROM "THE LORE OF THE LYREBIRD," © 1955 BY ROBERTSON & MULLINS LTD., MELBOURNE

opened his beak and emitted a low chuckle that speedily swelled in volume until the air resounded with an imitation of the full-throated calls of the kookaburra.

As the last note died away, he retired a step, stood squarely, then suddenly spread his tail fanshape above his back. Its magnificence held us spellbound. A second earlier his tail had seemed monotonously colored, but now the exquisite lyre-shaped plumes flashed with tints of ebony, bronze and purple. Fine, wire-like accompanying feathers provided a matchless contrast to the colors above as their tips drooped forward to form a shimmering, silver curtain over the bird's head, completely screening it from our view.

Hiding behind this beautiful curtain he gave us a marvelous recital, imitating precisely and perfectly, in swift succession, the calls and songs of at least 20 birds—the magpie, the thrush, a chattering butcher bird, a golden whistler, a wren, and so on. For the cheep and twitter of tiny birds with tiny voices who live in the undergrowth, his powerful voice dropped to the faintest *pianissimo*, yet every note was distinct. Interspersed were sounds from the world

of man: the tooting of car horns, the noise of a hydraulic ram.

Tiring at length of mimicry, he began to dance to a weird, lilting music of his own. Advancing and retreating with regular steps and rhythmic swaying, he wove an intricate pattern on the platform, crossing his feet in the manner of human dancers. The climax came with three swift steps within two clanging beats of his music, a sudden silent pause and then a slow lowering of his splendid tail. Three times he thus danced for us, not once varying the performance or altering a note of his elfin song. Then at last he hopped down and began to scratch in the garden for his breakfast.

A Farewell Gift. At our impromptu, Mrs. Wilkinson went out to the veranda and, speaking to him exactly as a mother would to a child, asked him to sing a bit more. She called him James, the name she had bestowed on him at the beginning of their friendship, and presently, as if unable to resist her entreaty, James obliged with a short but wonderful encore.

Since the February morning she had first seen him in her garden, reported Mrs. Wilkinson, James had appeared with clockwork regularity, at the same hour and in the same spot each day. He always departed in the late morning, but returned again at sundown for another hour or two. Quiveringly alert during the early meetings, he had panicked at her first spoken words, but little by

little his alarm had subsided until he was answering audibly, even allowing her to approach closely. By mid-June he was singing his heart out and in September, just before his departure for two months, presumably spent molting, he left two magnificent lyre-shaped tail plumes on her doorstep as a farewell gift.

Close as the relationship became, however, Mrs. Wilkinson discovered that certain accepted bird-taming practices were unwelcome. Hoping to reward and please him, she collected a store of grubs, centipedes and other insects which she had observed were his favorite foods, and spread them out on his platform. But instead of enjoying the feast, James ruffled his feathers, erected his crest and, cawing angrily, charged at the food and swept the platform clear. Then with a loud, irate cluck he spread his wings and plunged down the valley into the jungle.

The relationship apparently was to be a "spiritual" one, and Mrs. Wilkinson had touching proof of this a few weeks later when, after a wretched night, she found herself too ill and weak to rise from her bed in the morning. At the usual hour she could hear James tapping peremptorily with his beak on the sitting room window, his customary signal for her to come out on the veranda and talk to him. She tried to respond but nausea beset her and for several hours she lay prostrate. She fell at length into an exhausted slumber, to be awakened abruptly

by strange scratching sounds outside her bedroom window. After an hour of this, a small head appeared above the sill and there was James, singing an incomparably beautiful serenade. The lovely song cured Mrs. Wilkinson more effectively than any treatment. Opening the window, she found that her troubador had constructed a mound of garden mold beneath the window in order to give himself a perch high enough to stand on and look in.

His behavior during her absences gave further evidence of the unique understanding underlying their friendship. She left once for a fortnight and, on her return, the caretaker reported that there had been no sign of James the whole time, nor had anyone heard him singing.

"I know," Mrs. Wilkinson said calmly, "I told him I'd be away. He'll be back."

That very evening James appeared, vociferously happy to see his patroness and welcoming her with a prolonged recital.

Patient Teacher. James's behavior after his own yearly absences, usually during October and November, convinced Mrs. Wilkinson and other observers that he spent most of the time adding to his repertoire, for upon his return he proudly demonstrated many new bird calls. He might have picked up, in addition, other sounds: the bark of a dog, the noise of a rock-crusher from a nearby road-building project, even the shouts of the men in charge. But each year as spring

AMBROSE PRATT, late president of the Royal Zoological Society of Victoria, was never so happy as when exploring the wonders of the magnificent Australian woodland. His *Call of the Koala* and *The Lore of the Lyrebird* enriched Australian literature and gave to nature lovers the world over close-ups of these remarkable creatures.



THE BROWN-COLORED superb lyrebirds of Australia's eastern coastal forests are one of the nation's unique wildlife treasures. The bird, which was named by the colonists because of the resemblance of the male's fully fanned tail to the curved arms of the Greek lyre, has an amazing gift of mimicry. He has been known to reproduce words, phrases and several bars of music, and to imitate the sounds of axes felling trees, the puffing of trains, the noise of car horns and engines.

Most of the lyrebird's time is spent scratching through leaves and debris with its powerful feet or tearing at decaying logs for insects, worms and small land mollusks that lie along the wet forest gullies. It is not a strong flier.

The bird breeds from May to September. After mating, the drab hen lays a single light-gray or purplish-brown egg in a large nest lined with down plucked from her body. Nests are generally built on a rock ledge, in a hole on top of a tall stump, at the base of a tree or, sometimes, high in the tree to avoid predators. After about six weeks the chick emerges. It is rigidly protected and, happily, seems to be maintaining its numbers.

— Dal Stevens in *Our Amazing World of Nature*, a Reader's Digest publication

approached he forgot his mimicry and concentrated on perfecting his beautiful nuptial song.

During the years we observed James, he showed a family spirit for which I know no parallel in the animal kingdom, and he brought his mate many times to Mrs. Wilkinson's garden, accompanied by their offspring. He was monogamous, and it was evident that it is the lyrebird's

habit to settle and remain settled, as a family, in one defined area. His young remained nearby for four years and were dutifully trained in their responsibilities. Once, following the sound of constantly repeated musical notes, I came upon James in a leafy glade, patiently teaching a small male bird the laughing sounds made by the kookaburra. Over and over he gave the sound and over and

over the youngster imitated him until he could render the whole song.

Even more amazing was our discovery that, quite apart from his powers of mimicry, James could and did communicate ideas and directions to others of his species. He had at his command an extensive range of "conversational" calls, some of them mandatory, some exhortative, some calls of love, warning, greeting and parting, each distinct. It necessarily followed that he possessed a mind capable of formulating the ideas he communicated.

Whenever James mounted his platform, he seldom lacked an audience, feathered as well as human, for he was a popular forest entertainer. On one occasion when James quit the veranda two birds blocked his way on the garden steps, as if demanding an encore. Seeing them, James erected his tail and began to sing like an angel. They kept still as stone but, as his last note died away, they hopped to the next step and turned again to regard him. James advanced, then once more erected his tail and danced and sang. Three times this happened within our sight, the birds slowly allowing James to advance, but demanding a song for each few steps. At last James disappeared into the garden shrubs, still singing, still attended. It was an idyllic and unforgettable experience.

In addition to the lyrebird's beauty and intelligence, two characteristics

remain for ever in the memory of those who have known him. One is his selection of places of extraordinary loveliness and grandeur for his habitat. Where the giant eucalyptus marches in grand and multitudinous procession from gully border to mountain top, where the mountainsides are masked with fragrant underbrush and the sparkling brooks are hidden under wreathed masses of magnificent tree ferns, this is his private kingdom. I often saw James at the first flush of dawn gazing raptly from Mrs. Wilkinson's terrace across the rolling mist-laden mountain tops to the distant sea. So complete was his absorption that he would hold this statuesque pose for as long as 15 minutes.

The other never-to-be-forgotten impression of the lyrebird—especially James—was, of course, the incredible beauty of his singing. The lyrebird's songs are all gay and, by some magic of which he is master, he communicates this gaiety to the hearts of those who listen. It is impossible to hear a lyrebird singing and remember, while he sings, that there is such a thing as sadness in the world.

One day in 1943, James returned to his territory at the Ferny Creek end of Sherbrooke Forest and was never seen again. "As he was 20 or 21 at the time, we must presume that he died," says Dr. Leonard Smith. "Let's hope his death was from natural causes."

Q. What did you hear?
A. I heard an awful splash that sounded like an explosion.

Q. What did you see?
A. I saw a swimmer trying to get away from a shark, swimming with his arms. (Extract of evidence re the death of Brian Derry, Safety Bay, Tasmania, 1959.)

WHEN men catch sharks, they do not simply kill them, they mutilate them as though in the grip of an ancient rite. They hatchet fins, chop out jaws, slit open bellies. Men hate sharks. They hate them a lot. But the reality of the creature's existence cannot truly be confronted. The shark is deft and original and very ancient. Dead or alive, it inhabits impossible depths and will inhabit them forever.

On May 7, 1959, at about 5:45 p.m., the deceased and a friend, Shirley O'Neill, were swimming at Bakers Beach, off the Golden Gate, and were about 30 yards from shore, swimming parallel to each other and talking back and forth, when suddenly Miss O'Neill saw the deceased disappear under the water, and the tail of a

—JOY WILLIAMS

TIGERS OF THE SEA



Condensed from ESQUIRE

Here's the bad news about sharks. Don't ask for the good news . . . there isn't any



large fish shoot out of the water nearby. Deceased then rose to the surface. Miss O'Neill started for shore and then, seeing that the deceased was in obvious distress, returned to assist deceased back to shore. When they arrived ashore, it was noted that deceased was suffering from partial amputation of the left shoulder and arm, multiple lacerations of left chest and multiple deep lacerations of right shoulder, arm and chest. Authorities were notified. (History taken from Coroner's Register re the death of Albert Kogler in California.)

SHARKS attack approximately 28 people a year. That's not many. Nevertheless, the thought of a big fish lunging on a fated bather is known to create concern out of all proportion to the amount of injury or loss of life incurred statistically. Somewhere or other, there's a Bronze Whaler or a Grey Nurse or a White Death out to do the purely unspeakable. Rolling and trimming, balancing and pivoting, flying with baseball eyes through the sea, without malice or immoral intent, a percentage of sharks bite a percentage of people. The chosen can

be a silver-suited diver or a black pearler or a little boy in a T-shirt or a woman bathing with her gentleman friend after lunch.

At the time of the incident, all the spear fishermen (Wilson, Hitt, Kirkman, Churchill and Skinner) were similarly equipped, and Graeme Hitt was wearing a 1/4-inch wet suit with blue fins, black face mask, blue snorkel with white top and brown leather glove on left hand. He was carrying a green spear gun. There is no tangible reason why Graeme Hitt was attacked in preference to the other men except that he was the person swimming on the surface nearest to where the shark appeared. (Fatal. Aramoana, Otago Harbour, New Zealand, 1968.)

SHARKS can attack anybody. They just don't seem to care. It's man who persists in believing there are common factors associated with the elected. Bathing-suit color or frame of mind or torn hangnail or mucky water or whatever. Avoid the common factor, man thinks, and you'll live to leave the sea.

THE pressure exerted by the jaws of a typical eight-foot shark is three metric tons a square centimeter.

SHARKS are not deterred consistently by anything. Most precautions are too preliminary to be helpful (don't swim alone or at night or in bloody water or in water where sharks have been sighted) or too much after the

fact (all efforts should be made to control hemorrhage as quickly as possible). There are dozens of actions one *might* take. Remain calm; bop the fish smartly on the snout; leave the water as unobtrusively as possible. Most swimmers believe that splashing or clapping is a deterrent, although evidence shows that splashing or thrashing or even the tremors caused by relatively smooth swimming are what attract the shark to the area in the first place.

Nothing works constantly, that's all. There is no universally correct action to take in case of shark attack.

THE International Shark Attack File, begun in 1959, is presently contained in 11 large filing drawers in a trailer at the Mote Marine Laboratory, Siesta Key, Fla. There are 1700 cases on record, which represent only a portion of the attacks which have actually occurred.

The files are in folders; red plastic inserts on the far right of a folder indicate fatal encounters; clear ones on the far left denote non-fatal ones. Staggered in between are markers which are green (provoked or doubtful attacks), yellow (air-sea disasters), and blue (boats). It all has an obsessive, commanding neatness about it, and people always seem impressed when they open a drawer and see what appears to be a vast amount of highly organized information.

All of this "evidence" was gathered together in a project contracted between the U.S. Navy and the

Smithsonian Institution, which believed that we have enough troubles in this life without having to worry about being eaten by a fish. Information was accumulated in order to become data which would then be fed into a "retrieval system." There were facts and now there were going to be questions and answers. How can one keep from being in the right place at the right time? What were these sharks thinking of? Conclusions would be reached.

More than \$100,000 has been spent in establishing and maintaining the Shark Attack File over the years, and there is so much of everything—medical and scientific reports, newspaper clippings, morgue photographs, military reports, first-person accounts, slides, tapes—that one cannot be blamed for being confident that conclusions would be reached.

In two Australian attacks the victims were swimming to retrieve tennis balls thrown into the water.

Case No. 1017: The shark attacked Mr. Hoogvorst at 9 a.m. when the tide was ebbing. The victim was a strong swimmer and accustomed to swimming far out to sea. Mr. Hoogvorst had an open wound caused by a blister on the heel of his right foot. Mr. Hoogvorst was unemployed. Mr. Hoogvorst was wearing a royal-blue bathing costume.

Case No. 637: Two fishermen battled with an eight-foot shark which jumped into their 14-foot boat. Richard Crew, 52, said the shark

leaped straight at him. "The shark must have been attracted or infuriated by my green yachting jacket," Crew said.

Case No. 236: The movements of the shark were at all times deliberate and leisurely. Neither during the initial strike nor while making subsequent strikes nor while conveying the swimmers toward shore did its speed impress any observer. It made no abrupt lunges and never seemed to be exerting itself. Wilson was struck four times by the shark, at least twice while he was being rescued and closely surrounded by five swimmers. (Fatal. Imperial Beach, California, 1950.)

THIRTY-FIVE percent of all people attacked by sharks die. That's a statistic and a discovery of sorts, but its relevance is illusive. There are things which are not being said. It is simply too dreadful. The more detailed the account, the more one becomes aware that there is nothing to be grasped. Despite our painful bondage to fact, we realize that both the form and formality of documentation bring us nothing but emptiness.

The sensory systems of sharks, although beautifully interrelated, nevertheless result in a decidedly limited behavioral repertoire. Once they have initiated a specific pattern of behavior, they are not readily distracted or inhibited. Often they continue to attack their prey despite a variety of normally distracting and noxious stimuli, even

including severe bodily crippling.

Such an object! Both primitive and futuristic with its simple core of mystery, with its actions, exact, obsessed and inexplicable...

Case No. 1406: The victim endeavored to fight the shark off and bit it on its snout to make it release its grip on his right leg but without effect. A surf-club member first reached the victim, who said, "Help me, please. The shark's still there." The rescuer could not see the shark and did not believe the victim until he tried to drag him ashore. Five other lifesavers then arrived and half pulled and half carried the shark and victim to knee-deep water. The shark was struck with a surfboard but would not release its grip until dragged ashore and its jaws pried open. (Non-fatal attack. Coledale Beach, Australia. 2/26/66.)

SUCH a deep imperviousness to life! Such silence. Such invisibility. As though created instantly, when

needed, out of the sea itself. What can be learned from the shark but negation? The facts presented by computer readout of the files' contents are reasonable and of scant help to anyone.

The shark likes blood and fish, but it often attacks man when neither of these excitants is present. In fact, a significant fraction of shark attacks on humans appear to be motivated by factors other than hunger. The shark strikes in the rain and the bright sunshine, off crowded beaches and in rivers 70 miles from the sea. Neither month nor time of day nor condition of sea or sky nor depth of water is applicable to the probability of attack.

The shark moves boneless from the sea light into the darkness of our worst imaginings. And as the impossible terminus, as the inconceivable hazard, it slips from our dreams into the sea.

Case No. 1559: Felt awful thud says bitten bather.



Sad to Report

ON APRIL 20, 1974, the government of Sri Lanka (formerly Ceylon) banned all opposition meetings and demonstrations which had been scheduled for the next day in protest against the soaring cost of living. It also shut down the only independent newspaper group which voiced such opposition, and clamped a 24-hour "stay indoors curfew" on the people. Two days later, to the consternation of the government, the state-controlled Ceylon *Daily News* carried the following obituary notice:

O'CRACY.—The death occurred under tragic circumstances of D. E. M. O'CRACY, beloved husband of T. Ruth, loving father of L. I. Bertie, brother of Faith, Hope and Justitia. Interred on Saturday, 20th inst.

The Life Abundant

BY WILL STANTON

IT WAS Robert Louis Stevenson who first observed that the world was full of a number of things. But the fact is, in his day the world wasn't even half-full. It just seemed full to him. Today there are more things than R.L.S. ever dreamed of.

For instance, there are more people. And they have more children, and the children have more things, and the things have more parts that fall off and get stepped on when you get out of bed to answer the phone. And, of course, there are more phones. More people making calls, too. But not so many people answering. The ones who don't answer have recordings telling you the doctor is out.

There are more weeks in the year—Use More Lard Week, Learn to Play the Guitar Week, Be Kind to Stepmother Week.... And through Daylight Saving Time we even have more hours in the day. I suspect someday our grandchildren will be expected to pay it all back, the same as the National Debt.

There are more new cars today. There are also more old cars. In addition, there are more highways where people can drive their new cars and look at the piles of old cars.

There are more comedians. There's still the same number of jokes—but they get told more often.

There are more books, and there is more interest in sex, and the relationship is the same as the chicken and the egg. From best-sellers to comic books, any child who hasn't acquired an extensive sex education by the age of 12 belongs in remedial reading.

There are more rich people and more poor people. There are more politicians who were formerly poor people and are now rich people and consequently understand the problems of both sides.

There are more diseases for doctors to diagnose, more laws for attorneys to find loopholes in. There is more sin for the clergy to think about. In fact, it wouldn't do the rest of us any harm to think a little more about sin, now that we have more leisure.

There is more insecurity, bird watching, incompatibility, tomato paste, nagging backache, outdoor living and sonic boom—to name a few. I don't know how it balances out, whether it's good or bad. I do know that Stevenson was dead wrong. By our standards his world was practically empty.

20330

Condensed from
HARPER'S MAGAZINE

What is the lure that makes
men race the speed of
sound across the burning
salt of Bonneville?

Fastest Man on Wheels

SONNY KLEINFELD

Across the northwestern corner of Utah lies a vast white carpet, a seemingly limitless desert of salt. The Bonneville Salt Flats are so empty, so denuded of vegetation, that one can look in any direction and clearly discern the curvature of the earth. In winter, torrential rainstorms coat the flats with a film of water that takes days to evaporate. In summer, the burn-



ing sun bakes them to a parched, marble-hard surface. Such is the fittingly surreal void where, sometime in the next year or so, an engaging driver named Gary Gabelich will wedge himself into the cockpit of a bizarre vehicle that looks like a 38-foot ballpoint pen, and, with a mighty whoosh, streak flat-out across the salt. If he is lucky, he will hit a speed of about 740 miles per hour—enough to break the sound barrier. If he is unlucky, he and his

car will be scattered for miles around.

To reach this moment on the salt, Gabelich, a 33-year-old racer from Long Beach, Calif., will have spent nearly \$1 million to develop his car, most of it drawn from the coffers of big business. He will have toiled night and day to build a machine he hopes will be capable not only of exceeding the speed of sound, but of swooping down the salt at a terrify-

speed test over a 2000-meter stretch of smooth road in Achères, a town west of Paris. Chasseloup-Laubat zipped his electric car down the course at a heady 39.24 m.p.h.

Chasseloup-Laubat had no idea what madness he had wrought. Within a month, Belgian inventor Camille Jenatton wheeled his torpedo-shaped electric out to the park and cracked the record with a run of



ing 1000 m.p.h. Yet Gabelich is not intent on supplanting a rival; he *already* holds the world's land speed record, having whistled down the salt flats at 622.407 m.p.h. in a rocket-engine-powered car on October 23, 1970.

The first land speed record was set on December 18, 1898, by a Frenchman, Count Gaston de Chasseloup-Laubat. A French motoring weekly, *La France Automobile*, hatched the notion of staging a

41.42 m.p.h. The record climbed past 100 m.p.h. in 1904, surpassed 200 in 1927, topped 300 in 1935, exceeded 400 in 1963, and so on up to the current 622. Thirty-four men have held the record since its inception.

The men who chase the land speed record enjoy neither celebrity nor riches. A record holder's only rewards are a certificate, a line of agate in record books, and whatever ego-boosting he derives from the knowledge that he is the fastest man on

wheels. A land speed-record attempt is a lonely affair, too wide-ranging to stage in the Houston Astrodome, too dull to cover on live television. It is often played out before no more than several dozen spectators, sometimes none at all, on a desolate stretch of salt 15 miles from civilization. The speed with which a record-breaking trial is made takes the activity out of the class of spectator sport. A car moving at the speed of sound will take five seconds to hurtle down the mile course. If a standard bullet were fired from a .22 rifle at the instant the car started, the car would handily beat the bullet to the other end.

Pursuing the record also involves risks that grow all the more prohibitive as the speeds inch higher. For instance, no one knows for sure what will happen when a car smashes the sound barrier. One driver suspects that a car might bolt for the sky like a bird. What of the danger? "You could get killed in the bathtub," he says.

The record has already claimed at least four lives, the last time in 1962, when Glenn Leasher's jet-powered car exploded at more than 250 m.p.h., distributing car and driver over a square mile of Bonneville salt. And the record has nearly killed virtually everyone who has fooled with it. Craig Breedlove, a Torrance, Calif., real-estate salesman and former record holder, must often ask himself why he is alive today. In 1964, after he pushed the record to more than 526 m.p.h., both the brak-

ing chutes and disk brakes on his car malfunctioned. Traveling at 540 m.p.h. with nothing to stop it, the car yawed crazily down the course. In a few terrible seconds, it screamed off the firm speed strip and onto adjacent mucky ground. The car struck and splintered a telephone pole, shot up an incline, flew over a ten-foot dike, and finally porpoised, three miles off course, into a canal of salt water 18 feet deep. Somehow, Breedlove escaped unharmed. As he struggled away from the car, he said, "I kept thinking that if I have to go, I might as well have the record."

The pursuers of the record devote themselves to it with a fidelity and an expenditure of energy that can obscure almost everything else in their lives. They believe in the record, and they pay heavily for it. Craig Breedlove has paid with two divorces and heavy debts. Art Arfons, a miller's son who has held the record three separate times, is now, at 48, a mechanic in Akron, Ohio. What has the record brought him? "Not much."

Why do these men continue to chase such a hazardous goal? Over the years, a number of weighty theories have been advanced: man's inherent wish to court death, the mythical lust to conquer speed, the desire to do something better than anyone else. Gary Gabelich has this to say: "Being in the car going that fast, you feel something like a lion tamer because you have all that power to control and maintain. You become totally engrossed, 'locked

in' with the car, picking up all its vibrations. The car feels like a living being, not a machine. It takes total concentration and feeling. Man and machine become one entity." Art Arfons explains it poetically: "The record's like a woman you can't live with, yet as soon as you leave her you can't live without her. You get out on the salt and you sweat it out. I get sick before every run, I'm so tense. But once you leave, you can't wait to get back."

Big tire and oil companies—Good-year, Mobil, Shell—usually pay for the cars. In return, these firms gain whatever commercial benefits can be wrung from announcing that one's tires or fuel helped produce a land speed record. Craig Breedlove is now courting big business for funds to finance a rocket-powered car. Art Arfons has had a jet-powered car ready and waiting for six years, and he thinks he may soon find the money to put it on the salt. Tony Fox, president of a Minneapolis trash-compactor firm, has built a car propelled by a 10,000-pound-thrust rocket engine designed to hit a top speed of 750 m.p.h. in nine seconds. The competition may be growing. Under a tight cloak of secrecy, Japan and the Soviet Union are reportedly building elaborate rocket-engined cars in hopes of snatching the record away from the United States. And Australia is said to be plowing more than \$1 million into a monster that will contain 36 rotary engines.

The Paris-based Fédération Inter-

nationale de l'Automobile (FIA), which oversees all land speed-record attempts, says that any vehicle that rides on wheels, stays on the ground, and is steered by a driver on board can try for the record. It can be powered by a piston engine, a jet engine, a rocket engine, or a rubber band. Record attempts must be conducted along a measured mile. Two runs must be made within an hour of each other, in opposite directions, to cancel the impact of wind and slope. The average of the two speeds becomes the official result. In the past 40 years, most attempts have been conducted on the Bonneville Salt Flats, owing to their magnitude (the measured mile is centered on an 11-mile-long strip), the almost complete absence of wind (winds of more than five m.p.h. make a run overly risky), the thin air (the altitude is 4218 feet), and the smoothness of the salt.

When a driver is ready to begin a speed trial, he starts at a point some two miles from the beginning of the measured mile. An official downs his arm, the car slowly taxis forward, and then, with a screech of tires and a volcanic roar of engines, it spurts forward like a cork popped from an immense champagne bottle. In a moment the car becomes a speck, then vanishes entirely from sight, seemingly swallowed up by the orange sun that droops low over the horizon. Shortly after the car vrooms through the last timing trap, the braking parachute is sprung from the rear, a billowing mush-

room. At this point, the sudden deceleration exerts about ten gravities on the driver, momentarily blurring his vision and causing the earth to appear vertical—creating the impression that he is tumbling down a mine shaft. Once the car has slowed to about 150 m.p.h., wheel disk brakes are applied. Even so, it normally takes a car three to five miles before it peters to a stop.

There used to be as many as ten attempts a year to break the land speed record, but there were none from 1966 to 1970, when Gary Gabelich beat it, and there have been none since. Cars capable of such preposterous speeds have become more and more difficult to engineer as tricky factors like the sound barrier enter the equation for the first time.

The price tag, of course, keeps rising. As danger becomes a greater concern, investors thinking of bankrolling an attempt must resolve both a practical and a moral question. Is the record worth a million bucks and a man's life? Is it worth anything? Still, Gabelich and his peers expect to find enough people who will answer yes to these questions to put them on the salt in the next year.

"As long as people are alive, I think men will keep after the record," says Art Arfons. "One of the first guys to hold the record said, 'Man will never go faster than a mile a minute, because he couldn't survive at any faster speed.' That sounds pretty foolish now."

To Borrow a Phrase

WE HAD spent most of Thanksgiving Day watching football games on television. As we sat down Friday night to a dinner of leftover turkey, yams and cold stuffing, our college-age son asked, "What's this, the instant replay?"

—Contributed by Beth Openshaw

A WORKER hired to fix the plumbing on the Sebastopol, Calif., ranch of cartoonist George Lichty left with these cheery words: "Everything's A-Okay, Mr. Lichty—all cisterns go!"

—Herb Caen in *San Francisco Chronicle*

IT WAS the usual Saturday-matinee bedlam at the movies, with kids yelling, changing seats and working off excess energy. At last one ten-year-old boy was removed for throwing popcorn. His friends rose in unison and shouted: "Usher brutality! Usher brutality!"

—Contributed by Mrs. Phillip Johnston

As I remember it, the biggest disappointment about growing up was finding out that adults didn't really have any secret knowledge about what to do in times of trouble.

—Beryl Phizer in *Ladies' Home Journal*

Facts and Fallacies About Exercise and Losing Weight

Condensed from GLAMOUR

ARE YOU dieting longer and harder than necessary because you don't realize what exercise can do for you? Do you believe that exercise "doesn't help" or is "actually counterproductive" to weight loss? It's time, then, for you to get straight on some facts and fallacies about losing weight:

Fallacy: Physical activity makes you so hungry that you're bound to eat more and put on more weight than you could possibly have lost.

Fact: An increase in energy expenditure may cause an immediate appetite increase, but a study of students at the University of Michigan showed that a quarter-mile or mile run had no measurable effect on their 24-hour caloric intake. Indeed, as Dr. Brian J. Sharkey says in *Phys-*

iological Fitness and Weight Control, exhausting effort or exercise just before a meal can dull the appetite and cause caloric intake to fall below expenditure.

Fallacy: Exercise is virtually useless unless you devote a lot of time and effort to it.

Fact: According to studies by the Harvard School of Public Health, as little as one half-hour of moderate exercise each day can take off as much as 26 pounds in a year if you don't increase your caloric intake.

Fallacy: Exercise is beneficial only if you can feel it; it won't help you unless it hurts.

Fact: Generally, exercise, such as jogging and swimming, should not hurt; if it does, you may be overdoing it. It's better to exercise regularly

than to make occasional superhuman efforts, since you cannot "store" the benefits of exercising.

Fallacy: The only benefit of vigorous as opposed to mild exercise is to the heart and lungs; from a weight-loss point of view, it's just as good to walk for two hours (burning 420 calories) as it is to run for 28 minutes (burning 420 calories).

Fact: It's true that vigorous exercise is good for the heart and lungs. To achieve and maintain a satisfactory level of fitness, you must exercise long and vigorously enough to raise body temperature, increase the heart rate, and induce heavy breathing and perspiration. But that is not the whole story. An additional benefit for all who exercise vigorously is the caloric expenditure that goes

on immediately afterward. For as long as six hours following a 28-minute run, for example, the average person burns up to twice as many calories as he does normally. After a two-hour walk, the double calorie-burning extends for only about two hours.

Fallacy: Exercise will only distract the overweight person from the main task: sticking to a diet.

Fact: While many people do lose weight without exercising, it's hard to imagine that they would have failed if they had exercised. In fact, after the initial few sessions, one is likely to feel both limber and virtuous for sticking with exercise, and both those feelings are likely to add to, rather than diminish, commitment to a diet.

The Arts Defined

ART is the signature of a civilization.

—Beverly Sills

POETRY is the journal of a sea animal living on land, wanting to fly in the air.

—Carl Sandburg

AN ACTOR is a sculptor who carves in snow.

—Edwin Booth

DRAWING: The art of taking a line for a walk.

—Paul Klee

THE OPERA is a magic scene contrived to please the eye and the ear at the expense of understanding.

—Lord Chesterfield

DANCING is the poetry of the foot.

—John Dryden

SCULPTURE: Mud pies which endure.

—Cyril Connolly

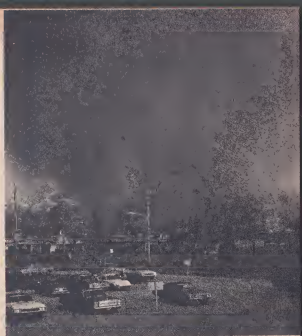
MUSIC expresses that which cannot be put into words and that which cannot remain silent.

—Victor Hugo

*Funnel of fury:
the twister strikes
Xenia, Ohio*

BY JOSEPH P. BLANK

Day of the 100 Tornadoes



Roaring across the land at speeds up to 300 m.p.h., the black killer-clouds struck parts of 11 states and Canada—all on a single, gray, unforgettable afternoon. When it was over, 329 people were dead

AT 3:55 P.M. on that terrible Wednesday, last April 3, the National Weather Service station at Louisville clicked out a teleprinter bulletin for Meade County, Ky.: **TORNADOES REPORTED NEAR HARDINSBURG AND THREE MILES NORTHWEST OF IRVINGTON AROUND 3:45 P.M. MOVING NORTHEAST ABOUT 50 M.P.H. THE TORNADO WARNING IS IN EFFECT.**

The "tornadoes" were, in fact, a single twister spotted by several ob-

servers. Moving in a gentle arc, the tornado bypassed Hardinsburg and Irvington, then, scudding low and fast, raced for the heart of Brandenburg, the county seat. Relatively few people in this old, quiet town of 1700, 32 miles west of Louisville, heard the Weather Service warning repeated over radio and television. Some saw the terrifying cloud approaching from a distance; others were startled by its train-like sound

PHOTO: FRED STEWART

when it was only minutes away.

At 4:10, the twister smashed through town with a shrieking roar, tearing apart nearly 40 percent of the homes and businesses, hammering furniture into sticks, squashing cars like grapes. Thirty-one people died; over 200 were injured.

The Brandenburg tornado was one of 100 or more that erupted from widespread storms on that gray, rainy afternoon and evening—an attack that ranks as the most devastating known single-day onslaught of tornadoes in history. It blasted parts of 11 states in the Midwest and South, and jabbed as far north as Windsor, Ont. Whirling at velocities between 100 and 300 m.p.h., the unbelievable winds killed 329 men, women and children, injured more than 4000 and affected nearly 24,000 families. The bill for damage may eventually exceed \$700 million.

"Everything's Gone!" That there were tornadoes that Wednesday came as no surprise. Meteorologists at the Severe Storms Forecast Center in Kansas City noted early Tuesday that a low-pressure system with cool air behind it was forming over the central Rockies and moving eastward. At the same time, a mass of warm, moist air was rolling north-eastward from the Gulf of Mexico. The warm air, moving clockwise, came in low and pushed itself up against the cold air, moving counterclockwise. Heat from the warm air was sucked aloft, creating massive turbulence that roiled to altitudes of 60,000 feet.

By Wednesday, the Kansas City Center was issuing tornado "watches," which meant "stay alert, tornadoes probable." During the afternoon, isolated streams of turbulent air began spinning themselves at ever increasing speed into tornadoes, and by midafternoon weather stations were teleprinting "warnings" based on actual visual sightings or strong radar indications of tornadoes at specific localities.

In Brandenburg, Leck Craycroft, 53, had just returned with his mother-in-law from shopping and was putting the bags of groceries on the kitchen table when he heard a noise like a train. He grabbed his mother-in-law by the arm and pulled her toward the basement steps. When they were halfway down the steps the house blew apart. Still upright, Craycroft was transported along the ground and through the debris like a small boy being carried along by his armpits. He realized he was no longer holding his mother-in-law's arm.

Cut, bruised, his head bleeding, he fell to the ground about 100 yards from his house. He looked around through pelting rain. Green Street, with its houses, trees, lawns, cars and utility poles, was gone. He figured out where his house had been and wended his way through the rubble to look for his mother-in-law.

Nothing was left of his home but the hole where the basement had been. The tornado had torn away the basement cinder-block walls and removed steel lolly posts from the

concrete floor. His car was smashed into scrap metal. His mother-in-law was dead, concealed by debris.

Craycroft saw adults and children wandering around in a daze. He thought about his wife, and began walking the three quarters of a mile to the Rural Electric Cooperative Corp., where she worked.

Making his way into the business district, he saw that Brandenburg had been ravaged. Dead and injured were laid out in open areas. Buildings were gutted. Rescuers were pulling apart wreckage to reach survivors. Leck found his wife unharmed in the basement of the RECC building. "Ona, your mom's gone," he said. "I held on to her as long as I could. She's gone. Everything's gone!" They went into the street and saw Leck's sister-in-law, Eleanor Craycroft, among the dead. She had been having her hair done in Alta Dugan's beauty salon. Alta Dugan was also dead.

Winds of Wrath. While Brandenburg was suffering its convulsion, storm centers were spitting out tornadoes over a broad range to the south, east and north. They ripped through parts of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan. At Resaca, Ga., the twister was announced by a bombardment of hailstones the size of golf balls. Rescuers found nine-year-old Randall Goble, his face cut and his body badly bruised, staggering 300 yards from his home. He thought he had awakened from a

nightmare and asked for his mommy and daddy. But there was no one to comfort him. Searchers had already found the bodies of his parents and two sisters, and neither his rescuers nor the nurses at Gordon County Hospital could tell Randall that he was the only survivor in his family.

In Alabama, the town of Guin was virtually leveled. Twenty-three died there—one out of every 100 residents. The Huntsville area was viciously slashed by six tornadoes that left 14 dead. One destroyed the Christian Fellowship Church, where among the debris, a Bible was found blown open to Psalms. Pastor William Cowley picked it up and read, "For we are consumed by thine anger and by thy wrath are we troubled."

In Michigan, a whirlwind skirted Detroit and flicked at Windsor, Ont., lifting most of the roof from a curling rink, smashing down one wall and propelling cinder blocks and players down the ice. Eight players died and 25 were injured.

Rochester, Ind., had five minutes' notice before residents saw a large black cloud that crackled with lightning moving sinuously along the ground. Swelling and contracting like a living monster, the cloud killed six, injured 77, wiped out 300 homes and damaged 109. At Monticello, Ind., a tornado bombed out much of the business district. It roared down Lake Freeman, lifted four sections of the Penn Central railroad bridge off concrete pilings,

blew them 40 feet through the air and dropped them into the lake. Each section weighed 115 tons.

Waiting for Death.

Across the Ohio River from Brandenburg a series of tornadoes made perfect northeast runs to Xenia, Ohio. The unfortunate communities in this 200-mile-long swath looked as if they had been saturation-bombed. Outside Hanover, Ind., Sylvia Humes saw "three funnels about 15 feet from the ground. They sounded like a big blender. The biggest was chomping a house trailer to bits. I got into the closet. I was numb. I just waited for death. Then it got above me and I heard a deep roar with a sucking sound. It seemed like the house was breathing, with the walls of the closet going in and out, in and out." The tornado was high enough over the Humeses' house to cause only minor damage.

But the same twister pirouetted to earth in Hanover itself, destroying or damaging nearly 80 percent of the 600 homes, wrecking the three public schools and the administration building, and causing \$10 million in damage to Hanover College. It also picked up a house, turned it around and set it down without injuring the three occupants.

Then the same tornado charged up the Ohio River, raising columns



of water and churning trees and debris about like a gigantic washing machine. It made a swift pass at a power plant, twisting thousands of feet of pipe like so much soft spaghetti, then battered the residential north side of Madison, a town of 13,000. Larry O'Connell heard the tornado warning at his plant, and immediately telephoned his wife to shelter herself and their four children under the bed in the master bedroom. After putting down the phone, his wife decided to seek safety in a closet instead.

After the tornado passed, O'Connell drove home and found it wrecked. The master bedroom and its contents had vanished. O'Connell stood stunned, petrified. Then he heard his name called. It was his

wife, trailed by the four children, running toward him from a neighbor's house. In a second the family were kissing and hugging each other. O'Connell will build back: "We started from scratch 15 years ago; I guess we can start again."

Hell From Heaven. From Madison the same tornado skipped to the rural village of Bear Branch, Ind., a community of some 20 families. Halbert Walston glanced out a window, saw the black cloud with the glint of objects whirling in it and yelled to his wife, Alice, "Good Lord! Look here!" Then the cloud seemed on them and Walston yelled, "Everybody into the bathroom!" Mrs. Walston and the four children darted into the bathroom. Walston made a flying leap to get through the door but he never touched the floor. The tornado blasted out the bathroom wall, shot him through it and blew his family into the back yard. Walston was airborne for some 40 feet. As he fell on his back he saw his five-year-old daughter, Amy, fly over an apple tree about 75 feet from the house. The wind gently lowered her to earth, then dropped a piece of tin over her.

Mrs. Walston staggered around, lacerated, bruised, blood covering her head, her face swelling. She heard Amy whimpering and found her under the tin, her arm hanging crookedly from her shoulder. Sixteen-year-old Bonetta had a brain concussion and her sister, Dolly, 13, was sitting silently in a daze. Michael, 15, lay staring at the sky, his

arm partially severed at the elbow, his nose smashed.

Mrs. Walston knelt by her husband. His ankle and five ribs were broken, his lung was punctured and his arm was badly cut and bleeding. "Halbert," his wife said, "Michael's arm is about off." He slowly rolled over and painfully crawled to his son. He jammed a thumb against the artery in his son's bicep to stop the hemorrhage, then turned to his wife. "Mom," he said, "you don't look too good, but you're the only one that can get help."

Mrs. Walston picked up Amy and, followed by the two older girls, started down the road. She fell, walked, fell, walked. After a quarter-mile, they encountered a neighbor who took Amy and hurried away to find help.

Walston kept his thumb pressed against his son's artery for the hour that it took rescuers to reach them, and in doing so saved the boy's life. At the hospital in Lawrenceburg, Walston had frightful nightmares. He saw his children picked up by the tornado and he reached out in vain to save them. He awoke with a terrified shout.

Starting Over. In the Ohio city of Xenia, population 27,000, radio and TV stations gave residents a good 15 minutes' warning. At 4:35 in the afternoon, anyone looking toward the southwest could see the deadly black cloud, broad on top and narrowing as it reached earth, bearing down on the city.

In general, Xenians aware of the

tornado acted correctly. Many remembered to open a few windows (when the low-pressure core of a tornado passes over a tightly closed building, the higher interior atmospheric pressure blows out windows and walls). They fled to basements. In houses, schools and shopping centers without basements, they curled up in interior hallways, closets or bathrooms.

The Xenia tornado was extraordinary for its ferocity. Nearly 50 percent of the city was destroyed or severely damaged, 34 people were killed and more than 1600 were injured. As night approached, chilly and rainy, men and women wandered in a daze through the rubble. Some telephones still functioned deep in the debris; they would ring—unanswered—throughout the night. Homeless dogs whined plaintively. A woman found a neighbor's dead child and let out a great wail of anguish. In a shelter hastily organized in a school, the elderly sat mute, not wanting to eat or sleep, not wanting to start over again.

But within an hour of the disaster, Xenia, as well as other badly hit cities and communities, did start

again. Doctors, nurses and other staffers at Greene Memorial Hospital worked around the clock—most without knowing the fate of their own families—and treated almost 600 patients. Between 5:30 p.m. and 8 a.m., Dr. Edward Call, chief of surgery, worked on nine life-and-death cases. Outside, the roar of the tornado was supplanted by the roar of chain saws as volunteers worked through the night to clear the streets of fallen trees. Trucks and bulldozers inched their way through the city. Other trucks with food, clothing and bedding came in along highways.

Representatives of federal, private and church relief agencies were telephoning for airline reservations or driving that very night to the stricken city. Individuals as far east as Mount Kisco, N.Y., as far south as Dallas, and as far west as Seattle, left their jobs and homes and made for Xenia by plane, car and truck to contribute their muscle, their hearts and their wallets.

Xenia had been shattered; its people stunned and shocked. But it was not left to its despair. Hundreds wanted to share and alleviate it.



Beginner's Pluck

AT THE end of his first day at school our rowdy six-year-old came running home and burst through the door shouting: "Mom, Mom! Guess what? They want me back!"

—Contributed by Lynne Humbert

ANOTHER six-year-old boy, asked how he liked his first day at school, replied: "All right—except there was some lady there that talked all the time."

—Contributed by Rick Rose

Condensed from NEW YORK TIMES

Common Sense About Cows

JAMES RESTON

The United States could make more friends and progress in the world today by solving the food crisis than by fiddling with the missile crisis

DURING the worst of last winter's oil crisis, Americans complained that the nations of the Middle East were monopolizing the world's oil reserves and creating great hardships by charging the highest prices possible.

Today, with less publicity, the world is facing a food crisis, and the main question this time is what the United States and Canada will do about it. For North America now controls a larger share of the world's exportable supplies of food grains than the Middle East does of oil.

The analogy, of course, is not precise, because the United States is not withholding grain from nations for political purposes. But the price of wheat, soybeans and corn has more

than doubled in the last 20 months, and the nations that need food the most are precisely those least able to pay for it.

This raises some hard political and even moral questions. As Lester Brown, of the Overseas Development Council, put it to the Rockefeller Commission on Critical Choices for Americans: Can we rely primarily on the marketplace to set the price and determine the distribution of so essential a commodity as food? And

should Americans continue to consume as much fodder as they now do, most of us consuming more than we actually need?

"There is little doubt," Brown told the Rockefeller Commission, "that a year from now we will see the largest food deficit of any region in history unfolding in Asia. Political leaders in the more affluent countries, including the United States, may have to decide whether to throw up their hands and cast Asia adrift, or go to consumers and ask the food equivalent of turning the thermostat down six degrees—reducing consumption of, say, livestock products in order to free up many millions of tons of grain to move into Asia."

World demand for food—basically because of rising populations and improvement of living standards in some countries—is increasing by 30 million tons a year. In 1961, we had reserves amounting to 95 days of world food consumption. Now, despite very good crops in the major grain-producing countries last year, reserves are down to 27 days and declining by 10 million tons a year.

The U.S. farmers and the Department of Agriculture have probably made as great a contribution to world peace as the soldiers at the Pentagon or the diplomats at the State Department. In the last 20 years, they have increased corn production at a phenomenal rate. And so great has been the demand for soybeans that one acre out of six in the United States is now planted to

that crop. U.S. soybean exports now bring in more money than all our high-technology exports such as computers or jet aircraft.

Meanwhile, enormous progress has been made in increasing the production of poultry, eggs and milk. Brown notes that the average milk production of a cow in India today is about 600 pounds a year. In the United States, it averages 10,000 pounds a year.

This, however, does not satisfy the Department of Agriculture experts. They want to know why one remarkable cow in the State of Washington produced 44,000 pounds of milk last year; and why the average American hen, even when tricked by controlled lighting, produces only 232 eggs a year, while the Japanese induced one hen to lay 365.

It is a particular disappointment in Washington that the scientists have not been able to produce multiple births in cattle. This is really, to use Henry Kissinger's term, the "conceptual breakthrough" the agricultural scientists are looking for. They would rather multiply a cow than a missile, but so far they haven't managed to do it, and supply keeps running behind demand.

There are other reasons. The United States is running out of idle acres. Fertilizer is in short supply because of the rising price of oil—a vital ingredient—and increased demand. While the average person in poor countries consumes about 400 pounds of grain a year, the average North American is now consuming

nearly a ton of grain a year, about 35 pounds of it in the form of beer and whisky.

Also, while we are now putting much marginal land back into production in the United States, we are also taking out of production about a half-million good acres a year for highways, shopping centers and golf courses.

It is true, of course, that the Malthusians have long been predicting disaster in this race between people and food, but the surplus of people

and the shortages of water, land, energy and common sense are beginning to catch up with us again.

The guess here is that the United States could make more friends and progress in the world by solving the food crisis than by fiddling with the missile crisis. This will take some doing. For the rich world doesn't yet really believe in the coming food crisis. But it will. One day we'll all be Weight Watchers, including Henry Kissinger. But not until the crisis is much better understood.



Moving Messages

BUMPER sticker on an Iowa pickup truck: "If you complain about the farmers, don't talk with your mouth full."

—Bill Johnson, quoted by Elizabeth Clarkson Zwart in *Des Moines Register*

ATTACHED to back of a library bookmobile: "Don't Read Bumper Stickers—Read Books."

—David Mannweiler in *Indianapolis News*

ON SUBURBAN station wagon: "Warning—I Brake For Garage Sales."

—Long Island, N.Y., *Newsday*

ON AN Oklahoma car: "GOD IS BACK . . . AND IS HE MAD!"

—Jerry Hopkins, quoted by Troy Gordon in *Tulsa World*

ON OHIO car: "Unemployment Isn't Working."

—George Barmann in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

A MINISTER, running in a local election, distributed bumper stickers which read: "Get thee behind me."

—Contributed by Wayne C. Johnson

ON A New York City car: "Happiness Is Five Green Lights in a Row."

—Hearo Le Troude, quoted by Robert Sylvester, *Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate*

ON A car in Portland, Oregon: "THESE LETTERS SEEM TO BE GETTING LARGER BECAUSE I'M BACKING UP."

—Funny Funny World

ON A Pennsylvania car: "Don't you feel silly reading a bumper sticker that doesn't have a message?"

—Meadville, Pa., *Tribune*

A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award

For 23 minutes last March, the author's heart stopped, and with it all signs of life. Here he tells of what he experienced at the moment of death, and of that "other reality" beyond

"I Died at 10:52 A.M."

BY VICTOR D. SOLOW

WHEN I left home with my wife last March 23 to go for a ten-minute jog, I did not know that I would be gone for two weeks. My trip was the one that all of us must make eventually, from which only a rare few return. In my case a series of events occurred so extraordinarily timed to allow my eventual survival that words like "luck" or "coincidence" no longer seem applicable.

It was a beautiful Saturday morning. We had jogged and were driving back home to Mamaroneck, N.Y., along the Boston Post Road. It was 10:52 a.m. I had just stopped

at a red light, opposite a gas station. My long, strange trip was about to start, and I must now use my wife's words to describe what happened for the next few minutes:

"Victor turned to me and said, 'Oh, Lucy, I . . .' Then, as swiftly as the expiration of a breath, he seemed simply to settle down in his seat with all his weight. His head remained erect, his eyes opened wide, like someone utterly astonished. I knew instantly he could no longer hear or see me.

"I pulled on the emergency brake, pleading with him to hang on, shouting for help. The light changed and traffic moved around my car. No one noticed me. My husband's color had now turned gray-green; his mouth hung open, but his eyes con-

tinued seemingly to view an astounding scene. I frantically tried to pull him to the other seat so I could drive him to the hospital. Then my cries for help attracted Frank Colangelo, proprietor of the gas station, who telephoned the police."

When Seconds Count. It was now 10:55—three minutes had elapsed since my heart arrest. A first-aid manual reads, "When breathing and heartbeat stop and are not artificially started, death is inevitable. Therefore, artificial resuscitation must be started immediately. Seconds count." Time was running out. In another 60 seconds my brain cells could start to die.

Now came the first of the coincidences: Before police headquarters could radio the emergency call, Officer James Donnellan, cruising along the Boston Post Road, arrived at the intersection where our car seemed stalled. Checking me for pulse and respiration, and finding neither, he pulled me from the car with the help of Mr. Colangelo, and immediately started cardio-pulmonary resuscitation.

In the meantime, the police alert had reached Officer Michael Sena, who chanced to be cruising just half a mile from the scene. He reached me in less than half a minute. From his car Sena yanked an oxygen tank and an apparatus with a mask which is used to force air into the lungs. Within seconds he had the mask over my face. Donnellan continued with heart massage. Sena later told

me, "I was sure we were just going through the motions. I would have bet my job that you were gone."

Police headquarters also alerted the emergency rescue squad via a high-pitched radio signal on the small alert boxes all squad members carry on their belts. When his warning signal went off, Tom McCann, volunteer fireman and trained emergency medical technician, was conducting a fire inspection. He looked up and saw Officers Donnellan and Sena working on a "body" less than 50 yards away. McCann made the right connection and raced over, arriving just ten seconds after his alarm sounded.

"I tried the carotid pulse—you had no pulse," McCann later said. "There was no breathing. Your eyes were open, and your pupils were dilated—a bad sign!" Dilated pupils indicate that blood is not reaching the brain. It can mean that death has occurred.

It was 10:56. McCann, who weighs 270 pounds, began to give me a no-nonsense heart massage.

Perfect Timing. The strange coincidences continued. The emergency-squad warning beeper went off at the exact moment when Peter Brehmer, Ronald Capasso, Chip Rigano, and Richard and Paul Torpey were meeting at the firehouse to change shifts. A moment later and they would have left. The ambulance was right there. Everybody piled in. Manned by five trained first-aid

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technicians, the ambulance arrived three minutes later. It was 10:59.

When I was being moved into the ambulance, United Hospital in Port Chester, six miles distant, was radioed. The hospital called a "Code 99" over its loudspeaker system, signaling all available personnel into the Emergency Room. Here, an ideal combination of specialists was available: when I arrived, two internists, two surgeons, two technicians from the cardiology department, two respiratory therapists and four nurses were waiting. Dr. Harold Roth later said: "The patient at that point was dead by available standards. There was no measurable pulse, he was not breathing, and he appeared to have no vital signs whatever."

11:10 a.m. A cardiac monitor was attached; a tube supplying pure oxygen was placed in my windpipe; intravenous injections were started. An electric-shock apparatus was then attached to my chest.

11:14. The first electric shock was powerful enough to lift my body inches off the operating table. But there was no result; my heart still showed no activity.

11:15. A second electric shock was applied—a final try. Twenty-three minutes had elapsed since my heart had stopped. Now, excitement exploded around the operating table as an irregular heart rhythm suddenly showed on the monitor. To everyone's amazement, I sat bolt upright and started to get off the table. I had to be restrained.

"There . . . And Back." Sometime later I was aware that my eyes were open. But I was still part of another world. It seemed that by chance I had been given this human body and it was difficult to wear. Dr. Roth later related: "I came to see you in the Coronary Care Unit. You were perfectly conscious. I asked how you felt, and your response was 'I feel like I've been there and I've come back.' It was true: you were there and now you were back."

A hard time followed. I could not connect with the world around me. Was I really here now, or was it an illusion? Was that other condition of being I had just experienced the reality, or was *that* the illusion? I would lie there and observe my body with suspicion and amazement. It seemed to be doing things of its own volition and I was a visitor within. How strange to see my hand reach out for something. Eating, drinking, watching people had a dream-like, slow-motion quality as if seen through a veil.

During those first few days I was two people. My absent-mindedness and strange detachment gave the doctors pause. Perhaps the brain had been damaged after all. Their concern is reflected in hospital records: "Retrograde amnesia and difficulty with subsequent current events was recognized. . . . The neurologist felt prognosis was rather guarded regarding future good judgment. . . ."

On the sixth day there was a sudden change. When I woke up, the world around me no longer seemed

so peculiar. Something in me had decided to complete the return trip. From that day on, recovery was rapid. Eight days later I was discharged from the hospital.

Questions. Now family, friends and strangers began to ask what "death was like." Could I remember what had happened during those 23 minutes when heart and breathing stopped? I found that the experience could not easily be communicated.

Later, feeling and thinking my way back into the experience, I discovered why I could not make it a simple recital of events: when I left my body I also left all sensory human tools behind with which we perceive the world we take for real. But I found that I now *knew* certain things about my place in this our world and my relationship to that other reality. My knowing was not through my brain but with another part of me which I cannot explain.

Transcendence. For me, the moment of transition from life to death—what else can one call it?—was easy. There was no time for fear, pain or thought. There was no chance "to see my whole life before me," as others have related. The last impression I can recall lasted a brief instant. I was moving at high speed toward a net of great luminosity. The strands and knots where the luminous lines intersected were vibrating with a tremendous cold energy. The grid appeared as a barrier that would prevent further travel. I did not want to move through the grid. For a brief mo-

ment my speed appeared to slow down. Then I was in the grid. The instant I made contact with it, the vibrant luminosity increased to a blinding intensity which drained, absorbed and transformed me at the same time. There was no pain. The sensation was neither pleasant nor unpleasant but completely consuming. The nature of everything had changed. Words only vaguely approximate the experience from this instant on.

The grid was like a transformer, an energy converter transporting me through form and into formlessness, beyond time and space. Now I was not in a place, nor even in a dimension, but rather in a condition of being. This new "I" was not the I which I knew, but rather a distilled essence of it, yet something vaguely familiar, something I had always known buried under a superstructure of personal fears, hopes, wants and needs. This "I" had no connection to ego. It was final, unchangeable, indivisible, indestructible pure spirit. While completely unique and individual as a fingerprint, "I" was, at the same time, part of some infinite, harmonious and ordered whole. I had been there before.

The condition "I" was in was pervaded by a sense of great stillness and deep quiet. Yet there was also a sense of something momentous about to be revealed, a further change. But there is nothing further to tell except of my sudden return to the operating table.

I would like to repeat that these

Wedged haunch to haunch into plastic banquettes, some nine-score Russians are letting their collective hair down. A mop-topped combo in shirtsleeves is thumping out "Mammy's Blues," and the good comrades are jogging around the dance floor. Far from the Intourist trail, far from that tidy, well-orchestrated route that Moscow wants outsiders to see, I've somehow stumbled right into the mercurial, changeless heartland of Mother Russia; and, all around, the Slav soul is simmering, coming to a boil. After the long, bleak winter, the citizens of Leningrad—loveliest of cities, Peter the Great's "Window on the West"—have awakened from their torpor.

I've been here three weeks, five days, and 17 hours—and, like many visitors, I'm getting paranoid. All this time, I haven't seen one Western newspaper or magazine, heard one outside broadcast or TV news program. I feel cut off, even panicky, and fear that I'll never get home at all.

Yet there's another side to the coin. Anxiety makes the nerve

ends tingle, quickens and sharpens reactions. So, after 641 hours here, I'm none too startled to find myself hopelessly and irrevocably in love: I think Leningrad is the most exciting, extraordinary, entrancing city I've ever experienced.

High Skies, Bright Palaces. Exiled to arctic latitudes, Leningrad huddles in the innermost womb of the Baltic Sea, perching dead on the 60th parallel, which also touches Greenland and Alaska. Scattered across more than 100 islands, resting on billions of stout, oak piles, Leningrad (originally known as St. Petersburg) is one of the world's few wholly planned cities, created from scratch by Peter the Great in one of the most dramatic,

impulsive acts in history; and its imperial proportions reflect the extent and genius of his ambitions. Conceived by the 18th century's greatest architects—Italian, French and Russian—patrician Leningrad's glorious 220 square miles have ironically become the crown jewels of proletarian Soviet tourism.

With its grandiose boulevards, luxuriant parks and monumental



The Triumphal Arch frames the Column of Tsar Alexander I and the Winter Palace

ROD AND THE SPYGLASS

squares, it is a city of high skies and vistas that sweep to the horizon, a city whose 621 bridges vault airily across the Neva's estuary, across an infinite patchwork of iridescent canals and backwaters. It is a northern city; yet bright, not gray. Its colossal palaces are dazzling turquoise and cream, its cupolas and steeples glisten with real, 18-karat gold, its gardens shimmer: whole acres of tulips, cascades of lilac, and the whisper of silver birches. Under its cloudless, deep-blue skies, Leningrad seems like a Mediterranean city that has lost its way.

This scintillating metropolis inspired the most awesome cultural flowering in Russia's history. It is here that the legendary Tchaikovsky, Rimski-Korsakov and Mussorgsky composed and performed their wondrous music. It is here that the poet Pushkin dwelt; here that Tolstoy, Turgenyev and Dostoevski wrote their novels. And in St. Petersburg's Maryinsky Theater, now known as the Kirov, the divine Pavlova and the immortal Nijinsky danced, and the renowned bass Chaliapin sang.

Both younger and smaller than Moscow, Leningrad is today Russia's Second City. Moscow's Kremlin was founded in 1156; St. Petersburg

547 years later. Moscow boasts 7 million people; Leningrad has only 4.1 million. Yet to compare Moscow with Leningrad is like pairing off a mud-splattered peasant with an empress. Moscow is a dusty, brutal city, deep in the steppes; its people are dour, dowdy, without humor. By contrast, Leningrad is breezy, elegant, cultivated;

its people are mostly friendly, gregarious and inordinately generous. "We may be second-biggest," one Leningrad citizen said proudly, "but we're certainly not second-best!"

Cruelties and Cataclysms. In its brief history of just 271 years, Leningrad has lived more intensely, more passionately, than any other city on earth. Its

stones have silently witnessed every form of outrage and excess, from the most barbarous cruelties to the wildest extravagances ever seen. Under the Romanov tsars, St. Petersburg was for 206 years the brilliant capital of one of the world's greatest empires, a despotic realm that held sway over 130 million subjects and one sixth of the globe.

During these imperial years, St. Petersburg celebrated victories over Europe's most powerful dynasties, including the defeat of Napoleon Bonaparte. While the serfs starved



The "Bronze Horseman": Peter the Great

ROD AND THE SPYGLASS



Petrodvorets, the Summer Palace, luxuriates above "a watery explosion of spouting fountains"

or froze to death, the tsarist courts staged the most profligate and wasteful blowouts since the days of Nero.

Explosive Leningrad has been the cradle of no fewer than four revolutions, including the cataclysmic October Revolution of 1917, when ragged Bolshevik forces stormed the Winter Palace, and Lenin founded the world's first Marxist state.

This early revolutionary zeal in no way spared Leningrad citizens during the dreadful purges of the '30s, when the psychopathic Stalin liquidated them by the thousands. And worse was to come. During World War II, Leningrad was the heroic victim of one of the most horrible chapters in world history, a 900-day siege by the Nazis during which an appall-

ing 1.5 million people perished.*

Yet postwar Leningrad is a phoenix city risen from its own ashes. Despite 60 billion dollars' worth of damage, the ravages of the holocaust were effaced. Stone by stone, the entire city has been rebuilt and most lovingly restored. Whole squares have been repaved with the same cobblestones; the same statues embellish the same gushing fountains. A few intentional scars survive, yet Leningrad now stands as a phenomenal feat of restoration.

And, thankfully, it remains a city the way cities used to be; it retains a gentle touch. There is no frantic rushing, and traffic snarls are things that happen elsewhere. People still stroll easily past the store windows on Nevsky Prospekt, pause to buy three irises, or a rose, before boarding the subway home. There are no street muggings, and few signs of urban turmoil. And on Sundays, Leningrad evokes all the folksy good humor of a Norman Rockwell sketch. In the spacious squares, old ladies sit on benches knitting, soaking in the warm sunshine. Red Fleet sailors walk arm-in-arm with their best girls; children play politely on swings and roundabouts.

And yet, it must be said, despite the city's magnificent backdrop and its citizens' often jaunty behavior, there's an air of almost painful boredom. Despite brave appearances, the citizens seem to be fed up with a

*See "The 900 Days, The Siege of Leningrad," *The Reader's Digest*, April '69 and May '69.

Communist Party that controls every aspect of their lives—the jobs they do and the thoughts they think, the foods they eat and the shows they see. Daily life in Leningrad is interminably regimented. And while affluence may not be an end in itself, the people of the world's other superpower would seem entitled to more than they get. Consider:

A decent Leningrad salary is about \$160 a month. Shopping about, I found that a shoddy plastic handbag costs \$16, a tin-can clock \$45, a nylon blanket \$53, a color TV \$700—and a tiny Fiat auto a lunatic \$9300. I wasn't able to find chicken anywhere in town, and steak is a pipe dream. And in all Leningrad there were only two kinds of bread—one was gray, one was pitch-black, both were usually stale.

Dramas in Stone. By any yardstick, it's a tough system to survive, but the city's fiery, resilient people manage, now as in the past. And what a past it was: every back alley has a story, every mansion a drama, and a leisurely sightseeing exploration through this "Venice of the North" can take weeks, even months. Yet I have my favorite corners, and I would like to share them.

One sun-dappled afternoon, my Intourist guide Natasha and I crossed the bridge to Zaiatchi Island, through the Triumphal Arch of St. Peter, and into a cheerful vista of cobbled squares, rustling plane trees, and the looming, 40-foot-high bastions of the Fortress of Peter and Paul, the city's first major building.

Conceived by Peter the Great, designed by the Italian architect Domenico Trezzini, it's both beautiful and tragic, heroic and melancholy. Under the tsar's whip, a task force of more than 20,000 soldiers and conscripted serfs raised its 65-foot-thick battlements in just six months. Yet the 200 fine bronze cannon, forged on the spot, never fired a shot in anger. By its completion, the mighty island-fortress was already obsolete, superseded by Kronstadt, 17 miles off the Neva's delta. So, with barbaric élan, Tsar Peter promptly turned his saintly stronghold into a Russian Bastille. And as an odd epilogue, he then placed a resplendent cathedral within the prison's walls. Even today, the 400-foot spire remains the city's emblem, joyfully soaring over an atheistic metropolis.

Past the cathedral, Natasha and I suddenly edged between high, dark ramparts and plunged right into the Troubetskoy bastion, the most fearful prison in all Russia for more than two centuries. As our footsteps echoed down grim stone corridors, we forgot the sunshine outside, and grew suddenly silent. Finally, we came to this dreaded prison's most dreaded place, a punishment cell where few prisoners survived more than 48 hours.

Without warning, a wrinkled Intourist crone, clutching a handful of keys, chivvied us inside: two dozen unsuspecting tourists crammed into this nightmare lockup. Then, abruptly, the skylight snapped shut, and

the heavy door clanked shut behind us. "My God, we're trapped!" a fellow tourist shouted. It was a chilling, dreadful moment I'll never forget. Our imprisonment lasted barely 60 seconds, but it seemed forever.

In a metropolis renowned for grandeur, modesty is a rare enough quality, yet I finally found it: Domik Petra, the "House of Peter." The city's oldest dwelling, this Lincoln-esque log cabin was the home of Peter the Great during the early years. There are just two rooms: in one, Peter worked and entertained his chums; in the other, he ate and slept.

You can't help admiring this extraordinarily autocratic but immensely human man. Even when splendid palaces were ready, Peter the Great still returned to his homey log cabin. From his front porch, he loved to watch the big sailing ships tacking up the Neva, to check the ever-changing skyline of his new capital. Even today, the cabin's roof shelters a skiff that the tsar hewed with his own strong hands, and a sturdy iron stew-pot that he himself forged. "Tsar Peter was a man of the people," my guide tells me. Rubbish. He was his own man, the stuff of heroes.

Fantasy in a Hayfield. All Peter's heirs dutifully added their personal touches to the fabulous capital, yet nobody more extravagantly and with greater panache than Catherine II, during whose reign the city reached its luxurious zenith. It was she who endowed St. Petersburg with its

most famous and beautiful monument, the 33-foot-high "Bronze Horseman," immortalized by the poet Pushkin. This gigantic statue shows Peter mounted on a nobly prancing steed, poised on the edge of a veritable cliffside of granite. Its laconic inscription is a classic of imperious brevity: "To Peter I, Catherine II."

Only a long block from the "Bronze Horseman" is the marvel that Russians call Dvortsovaia—"Palace Square." Vast and breathtaking, it was for two centuries the center of all Russia. One of the world's great sights, comparable to Paris' Place de la Concorde, it is Leningrad's most splendid and solemn spectacle. Sweeping across 20 acres in a gigantic half-moon, Palace Square is so immense that mortals look like midgets and parked buses like so many matchboxes. Only Peking's T'ien-an-Mensquare is greater.

At Peter's death, Dvortsovaia was just a hayfield. Then, three decades later, the Tsarina Elizabeth, his daughter, began the legendary, phantasmagoric Winter Palace. Choosing the pasture's north side, facing the Neva, architect Bartolomeo Rastrelli conceived an oblong quadrilateral of palaces with four wholly different and contrasting façades. His original plans called for 1050 rooms, but this "too-modest" blueprint eventually was extended to more than 2500 rooms, spreading over 27,000 square feet. This baroque fantasy, crammed with gold and every conceivable luxury, served

as the tsars' Buckingham Palace until the Revolution struck. As in imperial days, the lime-green palaces still shelter the incomparable Hermitage art collection, with its 25 Rembrandts, and its Leonardos, Raphaels and Michelangelos, with its roomfuls of Renoir, Cézanne and Van Gogh. The collection is so big that anyone investing just 30 seconds on each *objet d'art* would spend nine years here!

To the south, the splashy Winter Palace is offset by the chrome-yellow façade of the onetime headquarters of the chiefs-of-staff (the tsars' Pentagon), and the foreign-affairs ministry. This monumental pile is brilliantly pierced at its dead center by a soaring Triumphal Arch. Almost as tall as Paris' Arc de Triomphe, the vault reaches 92 feet high, and is boldly crowned with 16 tons of iron statuary: a Winged Glory and his Chariot of Victory, drawn by six horses.

In Dvortsovaia's epicenter stands the biggest monolith on earth: the Column of Tsar Alexander I, glorifying his defeat of Napoleon. Carved out of a single rock face, this solid obelisk of rose granite looms 155 feet high, and was, ironically enough, designed by a Frenchman, Montferrand. The 600-ton column is so heavy that it took some 400 serfs and 1400 soldiers to roll the granite into place. And it was so bone-chillingly cold when they built the pedestal that Montferrand reportedly ordered his cement mixed with vodka rather than water, to prevent its freezing.

Conspicuous Consumption. In all Russia, there is no place grander and more gloriously ostentatious than Petrodvoretz, the Romanovs' first and premier Summer Palace. A soaring, baroque rhapsody of castles, cascades and sylvan parks, the estate sprawls across a phenomenal 2471 acres, facing the Gulf of Finland 18 miles outside Leningrad. Against deep-blue, summer skies, an exquisite, sweeping façade—almost 900 symmetrical feet of glass panes, cream and canary-yellow stucco—shimmers under a slanting roof of silvery pewter. This stupendous creation luxuriates high on a hilltop, above a watery explosion of spouting fountains, tumbling cascades and spray-splashed statuary, including the glamorous Grand Cascade, with its 37 gilded giants, 150 naiads and sea monsters, 29 bas-reliefs, scores of fountains, marble basins and cavernous grotto.

Then there are the *choutikhki*, or "joke fountains." Designed for blasé courtiers, these elegant practical jokes improvise impromptu showers if you step on a wrong pebble or sit on a wrong park bench. One fountain abruptly shields you in a watery, transparent umbrella. The prettiest of all is a discreetly hidden oak tree, made of metal, that sprouts (and spouts) from a bed of iron tulips. Comrades and their children love it, as they do Petrodvoretz itself. The place is a genuine playground, an imperial garden that has matured into a park used by the people of a great city.

For, yes, modern Leningrad is a great city, a moving city, live, vital, historic. It is a city without starvation or serfdom. It is clean and efficient. It has no unemployed. Yet it can also be a depressing city. For its people must suffer the inequities and ineffectiveness of an obsolete system that no longer works, that offers relentless indoctrination, ubiquitous censorship—and no escape.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about Leningrad is the fact that these people, these splendid, mercurial Slavs, have been able to survive despite the system—perhaps not with gladness in their souls, but to survive nonetheless. How can I forget them?

How can I forget the strangers who invited me to dinner, so humorous, gentle and solicitous? Or my guide Natasha, sweet, fascinated, forever tripping over her Intourist training? How can I forget the gruff, yet jolly, cab drivers, the kindly old couple in the park, quietly working on a crossword? They were all fine, real people, full of dignity and pride and endearing charm.

I cannot feel sorry for such people. It would be an insult. Perhaps a better word is compassion. And admiration. And envy—for system or no system, they are exhilarated every day of their lives by the eternal glories of their eternally glorious city.



Topping It Off

IN AUSTRALIA, a traveling bishop visited a mission in the Northern Territory. The head of the mission asked his houseboy-cook to bake a cake to honor the prelate. Houseboy Tommy wanted further identification. "What fella him come along name Bishop?" he asked.

"Him fella high up church," the missionary explained. "Him number-one guy church. You savvy?"

Tommy savvyed very well. After a delicious dinner, he came into the dining room bearing a beautifully decorated cake, inscribed: "Hooray! Number One Fella God."

—Art Linkletter, *Linkletter Down Under* (Prentice-Hall)

MY NEIGHBOR'S four-year-old granddaughter was watching her in anticipation one afternoon as she was finishing up frosting a cake. The child's face fell, however, when she found her grandmother was not going to decorate or write on the cake. The grandmother explained that the cake was for a neighbor who had a death in the family, and it was not the correct thing to do to write on a cake for such an occasion. The little girl thought a moment, then solemnly offered this compromise: "Couldn't you even write on it 'Too Bad'?"

—Contributed by Patricia E. Hood



INSTEAD of getting rid of his prejudices, the average person whitewashes them and tries to pass them off as principles. —*American Farm & Home Almanac*


It Pays to Enrich Your Word Power

BY PETER FUNK



IN THIS list of words drawn from high-school vocabulary tests, check the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 96.

1. paltry (paw'l trê)—A: insignificant. B: unfair. C: average. D: slovenly.
2. disparage (dis pār' ij)—A: to scatter. B: discriminate. C: belittle. D: waste.
3. overture (ô' ver tûr)—A: disclosure. B: apology. C: request. D: proposal.
4. lethargy (leth' ar jê)—A: serenity. B: listlessness. C: impassivity. D: laxity.
5. tractable (trak' ta b'l)—A: tillable. B: easily followed. C: understandable. D: docile.
6. nurture (nur' tûr)—A: to ripen. B: pamper. C: nourish. D: relieve.
7. inchoate (in kô' it)—A: loose. B: implicit. C: chaotic. D: incomplete.
8. satiate (sâ' shî ât)—A: to glut. B: comfort. C: desire. D: water down.
9. obsession (ob sesh' un)—A: dejection. B: preoccupation. C: frustration. D: suspicion.
10. appease (a pêz')—A: to yield. B: give pleasure to. C: placate. D: compromise.
11. prognosis (prog nô' sis)—A: scheme. B: forecast. C: preface. D: identification of a disease.
12. frenetic (fre net' ik)—A: frantic. B: intense. C: passionate. D: fast.
13. tenable (ten' a b'l)—A: experimental. B: long-lasting. C: flimsy. D: defensible.
14. aperture (ap' er tûr)—A: highest point. B: opening. C: pithy phrase. D: arch.
15. eccentric (ek sen' trik)—A: grotesque. B: abnormal. C: unconventional. D: changeable.
16. precocious (pre kô' shus)—A: unusually mature. B: highly prized. C: perceptive. D: scholarly.
17. graphic (graf' ik)—A: moving. B: vivid. C: obvious. D: instructive.
18. terrestrial (te res' trî al)—A: widespread. B: relating to the sky. C: windswept. D: earthly.
19. paroxysm (par' ok siz'm)—A: spasm. B: furor. C: paralysis. D: fear.
20. erosion (e rô' zhun)—A: aggravation. B: shallowness. C: deterioration. D: abrasion.

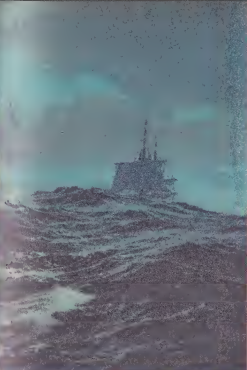


The Cable That Crossed the Atlantic

Condensed from
ROTARIAN
THOMAS FLEMING

AT THE age of 34, lithe, red-haired Cyrus W. Field had retired from the paper business a rich man. He thought he would spend the rest of his life as a gentleman of leisure. But boredom soon had him searching for things

to do, and he responded with interest to a scheme advanced by his brother Matthew, an engineer, and Frank N. Gisborne, engineer, electrician and telegraph operator. They proposed taking over a company which had tried and failed to con-



The heroic, almost forgotten saga of Cyrus Field's 13-year struggle to link America and Europe by telegraph

nect the island of Newfoundland with the existing telegraph system on the American continent.

Later that day, when Gisborne had gone, Field got up from his chair in the library of his New York City home and strolled over to a

large globe of the world. As his eye traveled across the globe from the big island off the Canadian coast to the British Isles, he was suddenly struck by a remarkable geographical fact: Newfoundland was nearly 1100 miles closer to London than New York was. With a flick of his hand, Field sent the globe whirling. "Why not keep going?" he asked. "Why stop at Newfoundland? Why not connect *Europe* and *America* by telegraph?"

Could it be done? Field fired off letters to Matthew Fontaine Maury, the great American oceanographer and then head of the National Observatory in Washington, D.C., and to Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. When both men replied that the project seemed feasible, Field quickly raised enough money from five prominent New Yorkers to launch the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company. In early May 1854, the new company issued \$1.5 million worth of stock and declared itself in business.

Collect Calls. Almost immediately, the firm was in trouble. Running the land end of the cable over the rugged mountains and through the chill swamps of Newfoundland turned out to be a staggering task. "We thought we could build the line in a few months," Field later recalled. "It took two and a half years." By the end of 1856, his company had spent well over a million dollars—and had yet to lay an inch

of cable on the floor of the Atlantic.

Having poured \$250,000 of his own—almost every dollar of his fortune—into the company, Field set out for England to raise more capital, and also to confer with British scientists regarding construction of the cable. In London, he had the good fortune to meet Charles Tilston Bright, a young engineer who not only enthused at the thought of laying an Atlantic cable but already had experience linking England and Ireland by wire beneath the Irish Sea.

Leaving the technical details to Bright, Field traveled tirelessly in the British Isles selling his idea to financiers. Lord Clarendon, the British Foreign Secretary, was among the many skeptics. "Suppose you make the attempt but lose your cable on the ocean bottom? What will you do?"

"Charge it to profit and loss and go to work to lay another," Field replied.

Impressed, Clarendon agreed to supply two naval vessels and a cash subsidy of \$70,000, if the American government would do the same. With the briefest of stopovers in New York to see his pregnant wife and five children, Field rushed to Washington. Only after fierce arguments by England-haters in Congress did the bill matching the English money and ships squeak through the Senate by a single vote.

The Lost Cord. Almost 3½ years after Cyrus Field had given his library globe that symbolic whirl, the

Atlantic Telegraph Company (as the firm was now called) began to lay its first cable. On the 5th of August, 1857, four warships—the state-*ly Niagara* and *Susquehanna* flying the Stars and Stripes; the *Agamemnon* and *Leopard*, the Union Jack—set out from Ireland's Valentia Bay. The *Niagara* was to lay the first half of the cable, the *Agamemnon*, the second half. Each ship carried a staggering 1250 tons of wire, as well as complex machinery for delivering the precious line into the depths.

Soon the four-ship fleet was 300 miles at sea. The weather remained summery, and the cable was paying out at five miles an hour. Every few minutes, telegraphers sent and received signals from the shore base.

Then, one night, cries of alarm sounded on deck aboard the *Niagara*. Field sprang from his bunk and almost collided with engineer Bright in the doorway of his stateroom. Mournfully, Bright told him that the cable was gone. He had stopped the paying-out equipment because it was running too fast. At that fateful moment, the *Niagara* rose on a swell. The cable screamed and strained like a living thing—and snapped. A half million dollars' worth of effort and equipment had gone to the bottom with it.

Many of the ship's toughest seamen wept openly. Sadly, Field ordered the *Niagara's* flag lowered to half-mast, and the expedition headed back to England. In his cabin, an undaunted Field wrote to his

family in America, "My confidence was never so strong as at the present time, and I feel sure that, with God's blessing, we shall connect Europe and America with the electric cord." In London, his courageous optimism persuaded the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company to commit more money for another attempt the following year.

Field had a new plan for the second attempt—to splice the cable in the center of the ocean, then have the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon* sail in opposite directions. This would, he hoped, reduce the danger of a break. The expedition sailed in June but, four days out, a tremendous storm struck the fleet. Again and again the two ships, each with 1500 tons of cable in her hold, almost foundered under mountainous waves.

When, after a week, the wind finally fell, the cable was spliced and the *Agamemnon* headed east, the *Niagara* west. Everything went smoothly for 40 miles. Then, numbing news: the line was dead. None of the engineers or electricians on board could explain what had happened. The two ships cut away the dead cable, once more backed stern to stern, spliced, and sailed away. For 200 miles all went well. Then—again—disaster. The current stopped flowing.

The fleet returned to England, where Cyrus Field spent a desperate day persuading the discouraged directors of the company to permit him to make another try. On

July 29, 1858, the ships reassembled in mid-Atlantic and performed the now-familiar splice. Five days later, they had more than 800 miles of cable on the ocean bottom, and the signals were still coming through with exciting clarity.

Icy Silence. On the seventh day, feeling not a little god-like, Field brought the cable ashore from the *Niagara* at Newfoundland's Trinity Bay. A few hours later, the opposite cable end was brought ashore at Ireland's Valentia Bay from the *Agamemnon*. Field sent triumphant telegrams to his wife, the Associated Press, and to James Buchanan, President of the United States. He told the President that the cable would be held open for Queen Victoria to send him its inaugural message and suggested that he prepare a suitable reply.

Stupendous celebrations exploded in London and New York, and spread with the speed of electricity across both Great Britain and America. But the jubilation was greatest in America, because even the English had to admit that Cyrus Field was the hero of the saga. From New York to San Francisco, church bells rang, fireworks soared into the sky, and a national jubilee reigned.

On September 1, Field arrived in New York to receive one of the most tremendous welcomes in that city's history. And on that same day, at the very peak of the celebration, an icy silence engulfed the 1600 miles of copper wire that lay between Newfoundland and Ireland. Oper-

ators signaled in vain. The Atlantic cable was dead.

Within a month, Field's name became an epithet on both sides of the ocean. He was accused of perpetrating a gigantic stock swindle, and several founding partners refused to speak to him. His efforts to raise still more British money for a fourth attempt failed dismally. And his last remaining hope—that the American government could be persuaded to undertake a new cable as a national challenge—was crushed when, on December 20, 1860, newspaper headlines announced that South Carolina had seceded from the Union. The Civil War had begun.

Field placed his now considerable expertise in telegraphy at the service of President Abraham Lincoln. But, even as he labored to improve the Union's land telegraph system, he never stopped thinking and talking about the Atlantic cable. Unexpectedly, the confusion of the wide-ranging war gave him a compelling argument for his dream.

Late in 1861, an American warship seized two Confederate diplomats aboard a British steamer in mid-Atlantic—a direct violation of neutral rights and the freedom of the seas. Hotheads in England called for war, and the British government had shipped 8000 troops to Canada before it received Lincoln's assurance that the commander of the American warship had acted without orders. As the furor abated, the *Times* of London noted in an editorial, "We nearly went to war with

America because we had not a telegraph across the Atlantic."

Ultimate Blow. For the next three years, Cyrus Field struggled to persuade both governments, as well as private investors, to act. Finally, ten leading British industrialists agreed to form a company which would undertake the cost of manufacturing a new cable, and also put up the additional \$1.5 million needed to launch another cable-laying expedition. The delay may have been a blessing, for by now British researchers had discovered that the earlier cables went silent because too strong an electrical charge had burned out the wires.

The new cable was twice as strong, and twice as heavy, as the 1858 cable. What ship could carry such a staggering tonnage of copper and iron? Field had an answer: the *Great Eastern*, the biggest ship afloat. Three city blocks long, she had five huge funnels and a massive iron hull that weighed 32,000 tons.

The Civil War finally ended on April 9, 1865. By this time, 9000 tons of cable were stored in giant tanks in the hull of the *Great Eastern*. During the next few weeks the huge ship took on 8000 tons of coal, and a crew of 500 began preparing her for sea. On July 15, 1865, the cable was run ashore to the now-familiar telegraph shack on Ireland's Valentia Bay.

At the end of the first day at sea, the galvanometer, a sensitive instrument designed to pick up the slightest fluctuation in the functioning of

the cable, signaled a fault. A day and a half was spent picking up 73 miles of cable before the trouble was discovered. Someone had driven a needle through the wire, and electricity had streamed into the sea from this rupture like blood from a wound. The saboteur may have been hired by speculators who wanted to wreck the Atlantic Telegraph Company and win public favor for a land telegraph linking Europe and America via Russia and Alaska.

Seven days out, the signals again faltered, and again it was suspected that saboteurs had been at work. Thereafter, guards were placed in the tank from which the cable was paid out, and all went smoothly until the *Great Eastern* was less than a day's sail from Newfoundland.

Suddenly, on August 2, a terrible cry echoed through the ship. "The cable is gone!" Lips quivering, face white, Cyrus Field rushed on deck. A group of seamen, engineers and officers turned and stared at him. The cable had snapped; five million dollars' worth of wire lay lost on the floor of the Atlantic. Surely this was the ultimate blow. No man's courage could recover from this disaster.

Field shook his head. "This thing is to be done," he said. And, without another word, he went to his

cabin to write a proposal for another attempt.

Cheers, Tears, Prayers. The *Great Eastern* sailed back to England. To Field's amazement, the reappearance of the vessel was greeted with jubilation in London. The long silence caused by the parted cable had made many people wonder if the ship had gone to the bottom. Field took advantage of this temporary emotion to persuade the directors to finance a fifth expedition.

Defying bad luck, the *Great Eastern* began steaming from Ireland to America again on June 13, 1866. For a change, both weather and cable displayed unparalleled good behavior, and early on the morning of July 27, the *Great Eastern* sailed cautiously into its deep-water landing place at Heart's Content, Newfoundland. When the cable was brought ashore, all the ships in the bay shook out their flags. On sea and land, men cheered wildly. Others wept. Later that afternoon, Field led the officers of the telegraph fleet and the engineers and electricians to a small church, where they offered thanks to God for giving them the strength to win their long battle.

As Cyrus Field's brother Henry later said, "Now the heart of the world beat under the sea."



Narrow Margin. I have learned that the shortest measurable interval of time is the time between the moment I put a little extra aside for a sudden emergency and the arrival of that emergency.

—Marvin Dunn, quoted by Joe Creason in *Louisville Courier-Journal*

'IT PAYS TO ENRICH
YOUR WORD POWER'

1. paltry—A: Insignificant; trifling; having little or no worth; as, a *paltry* gift. Dialectal English *palt*, "coarse cloth, trash."
2. disparage—C: To belittle; speak slightly of; depreciate; as, to *disparage* another's accomplishments. Old French *desparagier*, "to marry below one's class."
3. overture—D: Proposal; first move toward agreement or action; as, a peace *overture*. Middle French *overture*, "opening."
4. lethargy—B: Listlessness; abnormal drowsiness; apathy or tired indifference; as, the *lethargy* that comes from poor nutrition. Greek *lēthargia*, "forgetfulness."
5. tractable—D: Docile; easily handled, managed or controlled; as, a *tractable* pony. Latin *tractare*, "to handle, treat."
6. nurture—C: To nourish; care for or support during the growth period; foster; as, to *nurture* a new business. Latin *nutrire*.
7. inchoate—D: Incomplete; only recently begun; as, an *inchoate* plan to lower mortgage rates. Latin *inchoare*, "to begin."
8. satiate—A: To glut; surfeit; have so much of something as to kill interest or desire; as, to *sate* oneself with sweets. Latin *satiare*, "to sate, overfill."
9. obsession—B: Persistent, compulsive preoccupation with an idea or feeling; as, an *obsession* with one's health. Latin *obsidere*, "to beset."
10. appease—C: To placate; pacify; conciliate; as, to *appease* an aggressor by

surrendering territory. Old French *apaiser*, from *paix*, "peace."

11. prognosis—B: Forecast of the probable course of an illness; as, an encouraging *prognosis*. Greek *prognōsis*, "foreknowledge."
12. frenetic—A: Frantic; frenzied; hectic; as, a *frenetic* political campaign. Greek *phrenitis*, "brain fever."
13. tenable—D: Defensible; capable of being held or defended; as, a *tenable* position. Latin *tenere*, "to hold."
14. aperture—B: Opening; open space; hole; gap; slit; specifically, the lens opening of a camera. Latin *aperire*, "to open."
15. eccentric—C: Unconventional; odd; differing from accepted appearance or behavior; as, an *eccentric* dresser. Greek *ekkentros*, "out of the center."
16. precocious—A: Unusually mature for one's age; developed earlier than normal; as, a *precocious* child. Latin *prae-coquere*, "to ripen before the time."
17. graphic—B: Vivid; sharply outlined; described with pictorial effect; as, a *graphic* newspaper story. Greek *graphikos*, from *graphein*, "to write."
18. terrestrial—D: Earthly; relating to land as distinct from air or water; as, *terrestrial* resources. Latin *terrestris*, from *terra*, "earth."
19. paroxysm—A: Spasm; fit; sudden violent outburst; as, a *paroxysm* of coughing. Greek *paroxysmos*, from *paroxysmein*, "to stimulate."
20. erosion—C: Deterioration; progressive destruction by wearing away; as, the *erosion* of money by inflation. Latin *erodere*, "to eat away."

Vocabulary Ratings

- 20—19 correct.....excellent
18—16 correct.....good
15—14 correct.....fair

Riddle of the Ancient Bretons

BY ROBERT WERNICK

The Stones of Carnac
stand as a mute
and massive testimonial
to the ingenuity
of Stone Age man



WE SAW the first stones—big jagged boulders apparently strewn at random in fields, in woods, at the edge of villages—when we were one and a half miles from the French seaside resort of Carnac, on Brittany's south coast, driving along in misty moonlight.

All at once they seemed to be everywhere, ranks and files of them casting black flickering shadows over the moors. They were all sizes, from the height of a dog to the height of an elephant, and looked odd, unsettling, even terrifying.

Even the next day, in bright sunlight, when children were climbing over them, the megaliths (the name

comes from two Greek words meaning "big" and "stone") kept that air of strangeness. By daylight, they could be counted: there are vast numbers of them in the neighborhood, but the most impressive group—what is known as the Carnac Alignments—consists of some 3000 stones, divided into three echelons, lined up 11 and 12 abreast, extending over two and a half miles in a generally east-west direction. Vast as it is, this array may be only a fragment of the original complex, for scattered stones further to the west indicate the files may once have stretched for more than six miles.

Pater Patter. The children clamoring up the tallest of them call: "What were they for, Daddy?" He may amuse them with the local legend that the lines of stones were once the files of a legion of Roman soldiers turned to stone by an early Christian missionary, Saint Cornély, whom they were threatening to kill. Or he may mistakenly explain that this was a monument built by the ancient Gauls, as a Druid temple. In fact, modern science has proved that Carnac's stone monuments predate the Gauls and the Druids by some 20 centuries.

Madame Mauricette Bailloud, the dark-haired vivacious curator of the museum in Carnac, has seen accepted ideas about why and when these stones were raised change again and again since she first played among the megaliths as a child. She was, in a manner of

speaking, brought up with the stones as both her father and grandfather had been curators of the museum. Zacharie Le Rouzic, her grandfather, must take much of the credit for the stones existing at all in their present state. During the mid-nineteenth century, the rumor spread that they concealed hoards of gold. Armed with pickaxes and dynamite, an army of treasure-seekers battered and destroyed scores of what were later recognized as priceless pieces of the national heritage. It took a lifetime of devotion by men like Zacharie, pleading, writing, lecturing, to make government and public appreciate their value and save them from total destruction.

It then became clear that the stone monuments of Brittany were part of a larger whole, extending along a great arc from southern Sweden through the British Isles, France, Spain and Portugal to the Mediterranean islands of Corsica, Sardinia and Malta. About 50,000—some weighing hundreds of tons—still remain, defying the elements and the curiosity of hordes of tourists.

The most famous of these monuments is, of course, Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain. But the heaviest concentration is to be found in Brittany, and in Brittany itself, the heaviest concentration is round Carnac. Indeed, packed within a radius of less than 20 miles, lie many of the most impressive of all the works of prehistoric man. The most

Antal Dorati conducting Washington's National Symphony Orchestra and winding his watch.



Antal Dorati holds his baton in his right hand and wears his watch on his left. Neither keeps still for long.

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it keeps perfect time, undisturbed by the fastest finale.

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Each Rolex Oyster takes over a year to make. The case is carved from a solid block of 18ct. gold, platinum or stainless steel, and is virtually indestructible.

Antal Dorati probably appreciates the artistry of a Rolex more than most men. He understands the problems of blending separate parts together and making them work perfectly in harmony.

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Pictured: The Rolex Day-Date. Available in 18ct. gold, with matching bracelet.

beautiful abstract designs of the Stone Age may be found, for example, in the interlocking spirals and mysterious symbols which cover the walls and ceiling of the rock tomb buried under a mound on the Isle of Gavrinis.

The tallest single stone still standing—39 feet—is at Kerloas. And the biggest stone ever used for building purposes is the Grand Menhir Brisé at Locmariaquer, now for some unknown reason broken into five pieces. When it was one, it weighed more than 350 tons.

In Zacharie Le Rouzic's day, it was argued that the Stone Age Europeans erected the great megaliths in rude imitation of the architectural wonders described to them by traders from the more advanced civilizations of Egypt, Mesopotamia, Greece and the Middle East.

New Evidence. Then, in 1967, Professor Colin Renfrew of the University of Southampton, proved by carbon-dating that the first megalithic monuments had been constructed long before the Pyramids or any other great stone monument of the East. They were, in fact, erected at a time when the Egyptians and Babylonians were still building in clay and mud. Moreover, the very oldest of the Brittany monuments—the oldest anywhere on earth as far as we know—dated back to the fourth millennium, that is 3800 B.C. Since other megaliths could be dated towards the beginning of the second millennium, it

could now be seen that what might be called a megalithic way of life had existed and prospered in this stony land for a good 2000 years.

The people who created it were obviously gifted and resourceful. They had no horses, no wagons, no wheels, no metal tools, nothing to push and pull with but ox-hide thongs and their own muscle power. Yet they solved engineering problems which, until thousands of years later, no one would dream of facing. Still, we know almost nothing about them. Being illiterate, they left no books or documents. All that remains to mark their presence are a few bones and beads, axes, arrowheads, cups, buttons—and, of course, those silent stones.

None the less, modern science has, by sifting through these sparse remains, come up with at least a vague notion of where they came from and what their life may have been like. They are believed to have come originally from western Asia, bringing the then recently discovered skills of agriculture and animal-herding. They gradually became integrated with the older populations of hunters and fishers which had been prowling the wilderness that was Europe for tens of thousands of years, and they hacked clearings out of the virgin forest to build settlements.

One theory holds that the staggering stone creations they built were temples, devoted to the worship of a sun god. In the last few years,

however, Professor Alexander Thom, a retired professor of engineering at Oxford, has come to a different conclusion. Tramping over the hills and moors of Scotland and Brittany and making painstaking surveys of scores of megalithic stone circles and alignments, he theorizes that some are what he calls Megalithic Lunar Observatories.

The stones, he says, are arranged to point to significant stages in the passage of the moon across the skies. The Grand Menhir Brisé was put up because the astronomers needed a tall object to give them a line of sight from eight megalithic structures in a ten-mile radius. Lines drawn from these structures to the Grand Menhir lead to points on the horizon marking the widest swings of the moon both to the north and the south observable at that latitude.

Why should a people of farmers and fishers, who were more than occupied keeping themselves fed and clothed, who had no luxuries to speak of except a few beads, spend years of their time hauling huge boulders to help astronomers plot the course of heavenly bodies?

Diary of Events. The answer is that the movement of heavenly bodies could have an immense effect on the daily life of such a people. An accurate calendar could help them choose the proper season for sowing their grain. It could enable them to predict the surging tides which periodically sweep the coasts.

In addition, these primitive men probably found eclipses of the sun and moon a source of awe and terror portending great calamities, even the end of the world. If the old astronomers were able to trace the movements of these bodies accurately, they would have been able to predict such eclipses. When their predictions proved accurate, they might well have acquired a tremendous hold over their people by claiming to be able to control the supernatural forces. It is easy to see how they could have cajoled the population into all those millions of man-hours of back-breaking work. Written records in Egypt show how an élite class of learned priests of a sun-worshipping cult did just that when they created their lofty monuments along the Nile.

Astronomer Professor Sir Fred Hoyle believes that if the megalithic priests did use their knowledge to overawe the people, it may have proved their undoing in the end. For while their original observations were very precise, they may have overlooked the fact—or after several generations they may have forgotten—that they needed to keep making minor corrections to take into account the relative positions of the heavenly bodies which change imperceptibly all the time.

For many years, perhaps for centuries, the change would not amount to enough to affect their calculations. Predictions of eclipses would continue to be accurate. But

one day their luck would run out. The expected eclipse would fail to happen and the astronomers' hold over the populace would be finished.

Such an episode might explain why men seem to have abruptly stopped building megaliths, about 3700 years ago. At present, however, we can only guess at the motives of the men who raised these monuments, and marvel at their skill. Every fresh investigation brings that skill into sharper focus. Professor Thom, for example, has calculated that all the monuments he has studied were built with a common unit of measurement, which he calls the megalithic yard, 2.72 feet. This would indicate that there was a trained class of masons or architects who must have traveled hundreds of miles in Europe to exchange information on construction techniques. This would explain why monuments scattered over so many lands should have such a strong resemblance.

It used to be thought that if one megalith had a different shape from another, it reflected a different religious belief, and must have been put up by a different people or at a different time. Then came one of those archeological discoveries which periodically force us to revise our notions of the past.

A road-building contractor was digging in a hill at Barnenez in northern Brittany, about 80 miles

from Carnac, in the hope of finding good gravel. His bulldozers had ripped away about a quarter of the hill when it was found to be a great artificial mound of white pebbles piled over 11 megalithic granite tombs which carbon-dating revealed to be almost 6000 years old. These tombs, believed to have been family vaults, while built at about the same time, are all different in shape, size and decoration. Apparently prehistoric architects liked to experiment with various styles, just as modern ones do.

Echoes of the Past. Visiting sites like Barnenez or Carnac today, we can almost share the enthusiasm of those architects, and of all the people that worked for them, living there so many thousands of years ago, all straining together to produce something that had never been seen on Earth before. We know pitifully little about them, and the chief impression we get as the moonlight slants among the stones and they cast huge shadows is of almost impenetrable mystery.

But new discoveries, new theories, new insights, may turn up any day, and it adds a further touch of excitement to our visit to Carnac to think that some day we may be able to read their message, and give a confident answer to the children's perpetual question of why the stones of Carnac are there—and why, suddenly, men ceased erecting them.

NO SALE, MR. ONASSIS

Last March, the people of the sovereign state of New Hampshire overwhelmingly rejected a bid by Olympic Refineries, owned by billionaire shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis, to build a \$600-million refinery at Durham Point on the New Hampshire coast. Here a resident of the Granite State explains why.

Condensed from NEW YORK TIMES

HERMAN HAUSCHER

I'VE BEEN asked why I will not sell my farm and golf course—620 acres—to Olympic Refineries, Inc., which is controlled by Aristotle Onassis. Let me explain.

Our house was built in the late 1600s, and came into my wife's family around 1710. Around 1750, the settlers here had a difference of opinion about some white-pine trees. The King of England said they were his; the settlers said, "It ain't so," and chased the Royal Governor and his sheriffs out of town. We kept the pines.

By the time of the Revolution, the house was already over 100 years old. Timber—white ash and oak—for the 74-gun warship *America*, built at Portsmouth, N.H., came out of the Ash Swamp, which is part of our farm. Total cost of the timber: \$48.23. Construction was supervised by John Paul Jones.

Gertrude and I came here from Germany in 1926. A year later we bought the farm from her relatives, the Brackets, who would sell only to family. The entire house is now authentically restored. The only major architectural change took place before we owned it: a double window had to be built to remove a 560-pound ancestor who died and was too large for the door.

We built our own memories over the years, working the land and raising our children. Our vegetable gardens provided food. Later, we expanded to dairy farming with a fine herd of registered Ayrshires. We raised our own hay and sold some. To produce good hay, the soil had to be enriched; this I did by plowing, reseedling, and adding compost and lime until it was right.

We have our own spring-fed well and our own woodland. Every year my two sons and I have planted 1000 white pines. I have my own sawmill, from which we get lumber

One hallmark of freedom is the sound of laughter. —Harry Ashmore

for construction and fireplace fuel.

In 1961 we phased out the dairy farm and bought the Rockingham Country Club, a golf course adjacent to our land; its clubhouse originally was a tavern and stagecoach stop. All of us work here. Gertrude runs the lunchroom; son Bruce is the teaching pro; son George is in charge of grounds and maintenance. I do a little of everything, from mowing fairways to building additions, to developing our own turf nursery.

You can see how much of ourselves we have invested in this property, and why I do not want to sell. New Hampshire is the Granite State, and our famous landmark, the Old Man of the Mountain, is formed of that granite. Our state motto is

"Live Free or Die," and we live by it. Here in New Hampshire, we seldom make news. But we make history. Each town here is a little republic, where town affairs are decided at a town meeting; everybody has a right to express his opinion—and does. If Mr. Onassis' refinery is ever built and he shows up with a fleet of oil tankers, I hate to think what a bunch of New Hampshire lobster boats would do to them.

The main reason why I won't sell is simply this: I like it here. This is home. We are grassroots people and we love our land. Not everybody has a price. Money is not everything. What price can you put on your freedom? If a man has what he needs to be happy, he is already rich.



Going Public

TELEVISION commentator David Brinkley, who had been in Cleveland speechmaking, stopped for dinner at a local restaurant. His presence did not go unnoticed. When he rose to leave, about 20 diners chorused, "Good-night, David."

—Mary Hirschfeld in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

THE cast of the British-made television series "Upstairs, Downstairs," which depicts life in a class-conscious Edwardian household, have become recognized public personalities in England.

"When I go shopping," explains Jean Marsh, who portrays Rose, the Cockney parlor maid, "I must leave myself an extra half-hour. But the British are a very peculiar people about class. If you are acting below stairs, they think they own you. They throw their arms about me and call me 'darling Rose.' But when the actress who plays Lady Marjorie goes shopping, they admire her from a distance."

—Arthur Unger in *The Christian Science Monitor*

WHEN veteran entertainer Theodore Bikel got into a taxi, the cab driver kept looking back at him for several blocks. Then he said, "Sir, you look just like Theodore Bikel—may he rest in peace."

—Hy Gardner, Publishers-Hall Syndicate

Special Reprint Feature

Condensed from the book
"LOVE, HATE, FEAR, ANGER AND THE
OTHER LIVELY EMOTIONS"

The One Sure Way to Happiness

JUNE CALLWOOD

The achievement of a serene and lasting joy is not an accident, nor is it a gift of the gods. It is something each of us must construct for himself

HAPPINESS is the rarest, most prized and most misunderstood state of man. Actually, lasting happiness depends on how much maturity a man has been able to assemble—some of it derived from being desperately unhappy. It is a consequence of at least a moderate amount of education or training, because happiness requires a decently stocked mind. It is bound up with the ability to work, and to be readily interested in the world around you. It also is part of an unembarrassed appreciation of leisure and of solitude.

The relationship between happi-

ness and maturity defeats the rationalization of many aging adults—that happiness is youth and naturally diminishes with time. Happy people can be any age, past 20. Children are rarely happy; they have *flights* of joy, but their helplessness in a restrictive adult world keeps them close to despondency. Until their personalities stabilize, a process generally completed after the age of 35, they are likely to be wretched with self-doubts and dismay at their inner muddle.

Younger adults may describe themselves as "happy"; it's a serviceable word to protect privacy. But

many of them are frantic at the acceleration of time they are beginning to feel. They can sense the years wheeling by without any substantial or satisfying accomplishment. Grieving over their mistakes and wrong choices, they don paper hats for laughs, give anxious parties, drink too much, talk too much and say too little. They see old age as a catastrophe, a final bad joke on the false dream of being happy.

Yet all over the world, men and women, most of them in their 30s, are turning a corner that they didn't see, and stand transfixed by the miracle of finding themselves happy. Nothing has changed in the room, in the family; nothing is different—but everything seems so. The personality has put together enough experience to make sane judgments, enough vitality to love, a few fragments of clarity and courage, and a great deal of self-appraisal. There is a soundless *click*, and a steady state of happiness ensues.

True happiness is unmistakable. One woman compared it with the unequivocal quality of a genuine labor pain. "When you're carrying your first baby," she explained, "you keep wondering what a labor pain is like. Every time you have a cramp or twinge you wonder if this is it. Then eventually you have a whopper of a labor pain. There is no question in your mind about it; you *know* that this positively is the real thing. Well, becoming happy is just the same. You think you are, from time to time in your life, but when

it really arrives you recognize it immediately."

No one is born happy. "Happiness is not," says psychoanalyst Erich Fromm, "a gift of the gods." It is an achievement, brought about by inner productiveness. People succeed at being happy in the same way they succeed at loving, by building a liking for themselves for true reasons. Hollow people, lacking any conviction of their worth and without self-respect, have nothing to give—a profoundly unhappy state. They must connive to secure love and admiration for themselves, and they can't depend on keeping it.

Unhappy people rarely blame themselves for their condition. Their jobs are at fault, or their marriages, or the vileness of parents, or the meanness of fate. The real cause is the incoherency of their lives. Sterile and confused, they have no warmth to give, in work, play or love. They wait in apathy for a visit from the fairy godmother, and in the meantime try to distract their attention from the abyss of barrenness and boredom within them. The furthest notion from their minds is to improve their lot by tackling some self-reconstruction.

"The happiest person," said Timothy Dwight, when he was president of Yale University, "is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts." One of the world's most respected psychologists, William McDougall, had a parallel comment: "The richer, the more highly developed, the more completely uni-

fied or integrated is the personality, the more capable it is of sustained happiness, in spite of intercurrent pains of all sorts." Aristotle believed that happiness was to be found in use of the intellect, an occupation characterized by self-sufficiency, unweariedness and capacity for rest. The self-sufficiency theme was echoed with a mathematician's spareness by Benedict Spinoza, who wrote 300 years ago, "Happiness consists in this: that man can preserve his own being."

Nothing on earth renders happiness less approachable than trying to find it. Historian Will Durant described how he looked for happiness in knowledge, and found only disillusionment. He then sought happiness in travel, and found weariness; in wealth, and found discord and worry. He looked for happiness in his writing and was only fatigued. One day he saw a woman waiting in a tiny car with a sleeping child in her arms. A man descended from a train and came over and gently kissed the woman and then the baby, very softly so as not to waken him. The family drove off and left Durant with a stunning realization of the real nature of happiness. He relaxed and discovered that "every normal function of life holds some delight."

When Adm. Richard E. Byrd believed himself to be dying in the ice of the Ross Barrier, he wrote some thoughts on happiness. "I realized I had failed to see that the simple, homely, unpretentious

things of life are the most important. When a man achieves a fair measure of harmony within himself and his family circle, he achieves peace. At the end only two things really matter to a man, regardless of who he is: the affection and understanding of his family."

One American writer announced that he had been a happy man every day of his adult life. Of course, he admitted, there had been days when he was jobless and hungry, days of grief, days of nausea and illness. But on each one of them he had been able to contact the deepest part of himself which was operating steadily, soundly and happily. A permeating, permanent state of happiness is rare—but the world abounds in people who are achieving ever-larger fragments of it.

A psychologist who questioned 500 young men to determine their degree of happiness made the not-unexpected discovery that happiness and health generally go together. Happy people tend to be ill less often, recover more quickly, even seem to have bones and tissue that heal better. And happy people often seem to age more slowly. They have better color, glossier skins, more erect carriage than their contemporaries who suffer the graying atrophy of depression and anxiety. "Increased circulation brightens the eye," said Darwin; "color rises, lively ideas pass rapidly through the mind, affections are warmed."

Oddly, laughter has little or no relationship to the state of happi-

ness. Calm, serene happiness rarely laughs or cries. It has too much stability to need the tools of the tense. It is embodied in the private conquest of self-dislike and the honesty of self-definition.

A Frenchman once said that wise men are happy with trifles but nothing pleases fools. All wise men, however, have been fools. There is a trick to their conversion:

Count your blessings—only numskulls are tormented by regrets and recriminations. *Pause to enjoy*—Goethe, a craftsman at happiness, explained that happiness is not transitory joy but a longevity of secret power. *Sharpen your wits when you observe man and nature*—because understanding the unique strength

and beauty within all living things is the heart of happiness. *Never fear to use yourself up*—the great elixir of life, according to George Bernard Shaw, is to be thoroughly worn out before being discarded on the scrap heap—"a force of nature, instead of a feverish, selfish clod of ailments and grievances." *Never delay*—unhappiness is nurtured by the habit of putting off living until some fictional future day.

Fromm proclaimed, "Happiness is proof of partial or total success in the art of living." There are few total successes but it is not an impossible art. Never, ever, impossible.

For information on reprints of this article, see page 47

A Child Shall Lead Them

TRUE STORIES are often the best.

When he was on a tour in London with his parents and brother, 13-year-old David Pattillo went through Westminster Abbey. In the Abbey there is a notice, posted on a box, stating that a million people visit the ancient citadel of worship every year and a contribution of 10 pence (25 cents) is needed from each visitor to keep it in good repair.

David became worried when he noticed that out of the tour party of 30 only his father put anything in the box—a dollar. On the way back to the bus David borrowed \$6.50 from his father and ran back and dropped it into the box so that all on the tour would be represented.

On the last night the tour director asked the travelers what had meant most to them on the trip and what had been most disappointing. With all the earnestness of a 13-year-old, David told of his concern about Westminster Abbey. Some members remembered guiltily that they had paid \$50 a head to attend a nightclub but had not given 25 cents to one of the world's most historic shrines.

During the night a dozen envelopes were slipped under David's door. The next morning he excitedly told his father, and they rushed to the Abbey. The guardian of the door opened the envelopes and found they contained more than \$100.

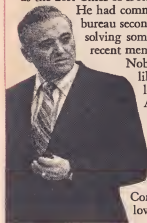
—Hugh Park in Atlanta Journal

A Bullet From Nowhere

Condensed from "CHIEF!"

ALBERT A. SEEDMAN AND
PETER HELLMAN

In the spring of 1972, after 30 years of service, Albert Seedman retired as the 21st Chief of Detectives of the New York City Police Department. He had commanded a force of 3000 men—a civil investigative bureau second in size only to the FBI—and was responsible for solving some of the most celebrated and dramatic crimes in recent memory.



Nobody ever looked, sounded or carried himself more like a Chief of Detectives than Al Seedman. But his legend rests more on performance than on style. And the most legendary aspect of that performance was his uncanny ability—or instinct, or luck, or intuition, call it what you will—suddenly to put his finger on the one element needed to solve the seemingly unsolvable. Far too many times for it to be a fluke, he showed an almost mystical instinct for untangling the most baffling cases. Consider his performance after tragedy struck on a lovely summer morning seven years ago...

IT IS 8:40 on Friday morning, July 18, 1967: a dazzler of a day in Brooklyn—not a cloud in the sky, just a hint of breeze blowing in from Sheepshead Bay, traffic moving well on the Belt Parkway toward Manhattan. For several minutes now, Detective Lieutenant Vito DeSiero, on his way to work on Staten Island, has been following a

bright-yellow Camaro sports car driven by a teen-age girl. He likes watching the way the soft air off the bay swirls her blond hair.

As they pass a spot called Plum Beach, the girl begins to drift from the passing lane toward the center lane. She keeps drifting to the right, and DeSiero assumes she'll get off at the next exit. Except that she

"CHIEF! CLASSIC CASES FROM THE FILES OF THE CHIEF OF DETECTIVES." COPYRIGHT © 1974 BY ALBERT A. SEEDMAN AND PETER HELLMAN. IS PUBLISHED AT \$30 BY ARTHUR WELLES BOOKS, INC., 201 PARK AVE. S., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003. PHOTO: RESNAI-CAMERA 8

keeps drifting . . . drifting . . . and suddenly with a crackle and splinter she is sideswiping the bushes at the edge of the parkway. The bumper bashes in, the hood crumples. In a tangle of foliage and a hiss of steam, the Camaro stops.

DeSiero is on the scene in seconds. The girl's head is bowed; she is moaning. He raises her head. Though her eyes are open, the eyeballs are rolled back. DeSiero knows, from too much experience, that it is useless to talk to her. Her license reveals she is Nancy McEwen, 17. Nothing in her wallet to warn of epileptic seizures, or diabetic collapse. Her body is unmarked. What has happened to her?

DeSiero calls for an ambulance, and the girl is taken to Coney Island Hospital. There the doctors try everything—electrical stimulation, adrenalin injections, manual heart massage. Nothing works. At 11:15, Nancy McEwen is declared dead. And only then do the doctors discover, hidden by the long hair on the left side of her head, a small, bloodless bullet hole.

At the same hour, with the sun hot now on the Belt Parkway, an unmarked black Ford sedan pulls up to the scene of the accident. Albert Seedman, puffing his second cigar of the morning, gets out of the back seat and strolls over to the Camaro. He is a broad-shouldered man of 48, hair silvery-gray and lightly oiled, lips well-sculpted and slightly downturned, eyes cold-green. The cops respectfully make way for the un-

smiling commander of all Brooklyn South detectives.

"Pure Fluke." Lt. Bernie Jacobs, commander of the local 61st Detective Squad, quickly explained to Seedman the little they knew about Nancy McEwen. She had been on her way to her summer job at her father's construction firm in Brooklyn. Except for what DeSiero saw as she passed Plum Beach that morning, what happened to her was a mystery.

"Jeez," said Jacobs, shaking his head, "who would want to shoot a sweet young kid like that?"

"Nobody," snapped Seedman. "At 45 m.p.h., nobody—not even the best marksman in the world—could make such a perfect head shot. He would have to fire from a car pulling alongside at the same speed—but Vito would have seen that. This thing had to be a crazy, one-in-a-trillion, pure fluke." He stared at the Camaro. "Did anyone roll the windows up or down?"

"No, Chief," answered Jacobs. "That's the way it was—just the left rear window open."

Since the glass in all other windows was intact, the left rear window was the only possible source of the bullet. So it must have been shot from somewhere behind the Camaro on the side of the parkway facing Sheepshead Bay. It could have come from the reeds and low dunes that sloped down to Plum Beach, or from the public bathhouse 200 yards back from the highway, or from the parking lot alongside the eastbound

lanes. The shot might also have been fired from a boat on the bay. Or even from any of the three 28-story steel apartment-tower skeletons two miles across the bay.

Seedman ordered Emergency Service and Ballistics units to comb the beach and dunes for the shell casing. He knew it was an awful place to look for anything so small, but if they could find the casing, it would tell them where the shot had come from. "Tell those guys to bring their swim trunks," said Seedman. "Losing their weekend won't seem so bad if they can take a few dips."

Dead Ends. All during the long daylight hours of the weekend, search teams scoured the sand at Plum Beach. They found no shell casing. On Monday morning Seedman called in a special Army Ordnance team from Fort Monmouth, N.J., to work with metal detectors. Still nothing. As the sun went down on Monday evening, a tired, disgusted Seedman stood on the beach scanning the marshy spur of dunes to the east, Fort Tilden and the towers of Breezy Point across the bay. "That bullet could have come from so many places besides this beach you can't even count them all," he said to Lieutenant Jacobs.

On Tuesday morning, Seedman sent detectives to Nancy McEwen's Requiem Mass in the hope that the man who fired the shot would turn up. One nervous young man nobody knew did take off fast after the service, but detectives found he was just a school chum of Nancy's in a

hurry to get back to his office. A dozen citizens called the police that same day to say they also had been shot at as they drove to work on the Belt Parkway. But the "sniper" turned out to be a mowing machine that had been pelting stones from its whirling blades.

On Tuesday, too, the FBI returned a report on the death bullet. It had been fired from an Enfield 303, a model manufactured in England about 1940 on an around-the-clock production schedule. *Millions* of the rifles were still in circulation.

Five days of work by dozens of detectives, and Seedman was still nowhere. His men had turned up no gun dealer who had recently sold an Enfield 303. They had covered all the marinas, climbed the skeletons at Breezy Point, crawled around the dunes and marshes at Plum Beach, called in the Army, checked out every wild tip that came in on the "hot line"—and still had no idea who had shot Nancy McEwen, or why, or even where the bullet had come from.

Seedman was well aware how much taxpayers' money had gone into the case so far with no results. But he was not ready to quit trying to find the person who killed Nancy McEwen. Not quite yet.

Hard Knocks. "We're going to make a canvass," he announced to his men. "Starting tomorrow morning, we're going to knock on every door in Brooklyn until we find the guy who has that Enfield. He isn't talking now, but when a detective

comes calling he's going to figure we've traced the gun to him somehow. And then he'll come clean."

The detectives looked at one another. Covering just a single block of the city can be time-consuming, but Seedman was talking about a borough of three million people! It would take longer than their lifetimes. "You've got to be kidding, Chief," Jacobs said. "Where would we start?"

A large map of Brooklyn was pinned to the office wall. Seedman ran his finger slowly up and down the lower half of the borough. Suddenly, the finger stopped. "Start . . . right . . . here."

Jacobs marked the block: Knapp Street north of the Belt Parkway, about a mile in front of where the Camaro had run off the road. It was not a direction from which the bullet could have come. Why had Seedman's finger jabbed that particular spot? The Chief himself could not explain, then or later.

The next morning two detectives began working the block on Knapp Street. The third place they came to was a Mobil station. In the office they found the proprietor, a chunky man of 46 named Theodore DeLisi, working over his bills.

"Do you own a rifle?" the detectives asked.

"Oh, I have one down in my boat, locked away."

"What kind?"

"It's . . . an Enfield," DeLisi said, his eyes glued to his bills. "One of those British jobs."

DeLisi felt the silence, and looked up in dread.

"That girl, she was killed by a .22 rifle, right? That's what I read in the paper. Please tell me she got it from a .22 . . ."

Ricochet. This is the story that Theodore DeLisi told during seven hours of questioning on Wednesday. Two weeks earlier, at the end of June, he had gone out in his boat *Luuu* to fish for bluefish off Rockaway Beach. The blues were there, but so were sharks, and they scared the blues away. Frustrated, DeLisi remembered that when he and two other men had bought the *Luuu* a few years back, a rifle had been thrown into the deal—just the thing to deal with those sharks. On his return, DeLisi picked up the gun from the partner who had been keeping it.

July 8 was a great day for fishing. No clouds, just a hint of wind on Rockaway Inlet. As he chugged by buoy No. 7 in the channel to the ocean, DeLisi reached for the Enfield. "Might as well see if the damn thing works," he said. He saw a beer can bobbing near the buoy. He took aim, and hit the can with his first shot. Pleased, he raised the rifle and fired one more shot before putting out to the open sea.

The second bullet missed the can, smacking the water beyond it at a shallow angle. To a bullet at that speed, the surface of the water is as hard as a sheet of steel. It ricocheted with a pop and headed north across Rockaway Inlet. It whistled along

at almost four feet over the blue, flat water, and remained at that height as it crossed the sand, the dunes and the reeds of Plum Beach. Far ahead of the sound of its own report, it sped across the parking lot and the eastbound lanes of the parkway, and just cleared the fence divider on the median strip. As it approached the yellow Camaro—nearly a mile from the *Luuu*—the bullet had begun to lose momentum. Had the rear left window of the car been closed, it would probably have glanced off. As it was, the bullet had just enough force to penetrate behind the left ear of Nancy McEwen.

On July 18, 1967, in Brooklyn Criminal Court, Theodore DeLisi was charged with the homicide of Nancy McEwen and with discharging a rifle within city limits. The homicide charge was later dropped, and DeLisi was fined \$100 on the lesser

charge. Incredibly, it turned out that he and the dead girl were acquainted, and had once been neighbors in northern Queens.

Detectives still talk about the Belt Parkway Case because of its three amazing coincidences. The first, obviously, was that after traversing a mile-long sweep of water and sand, the bullet had found the one place where it could do fatal damage. The second was that out of the city's millions, the families of shooter and victim knew each other. But what appeared to be the greatest coincidence of all was not dismissed as such by the detectives. In the 240 square miles of the borough, their Chief had put his finger precisely on the one block where the Belt Parkway Case could be closed. His men had seen it happen too many times to call it anything but a particularly mysterious example of Albert Seedman's very special instinct.



On the Up and Up

ONE MAN claims he finally broke a hundred over the weekend—not on the golf course, in the supermarket.

—John Larabee, quoted by Mickey Porter in *Akron Beacon Journal*

WHILE the price of everything else has skyrocketed, a cabdriver will still give you a dirty look for a dime.

—Franklin P. Jones in *Quote Magazine*

SIGN at a motel: "Because of inflation our single rooms are double."

—Erna Tweter in *Chicago Tribune*

A LOOK at today's price of firewood is enough to give anyone cold chills.

—Clyde Moore in *Columbus Dispatch*

SO THE NATION doesn't have a good five-cent cigar—at least it has a good five-cent quarter.

—The Mountain Ear

A BRIDGE TOO FAR

The story of Operation
Market-Garden, the greatest airborne
assault in history

By CORNELIUS RYAN

Author of
"The Longest Day" and "The Last Battle"



A BRIDGE TOO FAR

By CORNELIUS RYAN

AT HIS spartan, tented headquarters in the Royal Palace Gardens, a few miles from the center of Brussels, Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery impatiently waited for an answer to his coded "Personal for Eisenhower Eyes Only" message. With British armies in Brussels and entering the port of Antwerp, a crucial turning point in the war had been reached. The Germans, Montgomery was convinced, were teetering on the verge of collapse. His nine-paragraph message, sent on September 4, 1944, spelled out his belief that the moment had come for a "really powerful and full-blooded thrust" with which he could not only reach the industrial Ruhr but race all the way to Berlin itself.

In the bedroom of his villa at Granville on the western side of the Cherbourg peninsula, the Supreme Commander, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, read Montgomery's signal with angry disbelief. Three times before, Montgomery had nagged him to exasperation about single-thrust schemes. Eisenhower, committed to a broad-front advance, thought he had settled the strategy conflict once

and for all. Yet now Montgomery was not only advocating his theory again but was proposing to rush all the way to Berlin. Usually calm and congenial, Eisenhower lost his temper. "There isn't a single soul who believes this can be done, except Montgomery," he exploded to members of his staff.

But Montgomery was not entirely alone in his views. All along the front the fever of success gripped battle commanders. After the spectacular sweep across France and Belgium and with evidence of German defeat all around, men now confidently believed that nothing could stop the victorious surge from continuing through the Siegfried Line and into the heart of Germany.

The chief problem with advancing was the lack of seaports. There was no shortage of supplies, but these were stockpiled in Normandy or the only workable port, Cherbourg—some 450 miles behind the forward elements. Supplying four great armies in full pursuit from that far back was a nightmarish task. "To talk of marching to Berlin with an army which is still drawing the bulk of its supplies over the beaches is fantastic," Eisenhower said.

Nevertheless, Eisenhower was deeply disturbed at the widening rift between him and Britain's favorite general. Within the next few days, he decided, he would meet with Montgomery. He set Sunday, September 10, as the date.

Anxious and determined, Mont-

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In September 1944, the war in Europe seemed all but over. British and American forces had dashed across France and Belgium, and everywhere German defenses were collapsing. One bold thrust, Allied commanders felt, could open the way to Berlin and end the fighting.

Thus, in high optimism, began Market-Garden, a mighty airborne assault whose focus was the bridge over the Lower Rhine in the Dutch city of Arnhem. Although the battle that ensued is little known, it was the Allies' most severe defeat, with losses exceeding by a huge margin those of the Normandy invasion.

This gripping account of sacrifice and heroism written by Reader's Digest Roving Editor Cornelius Ryan concludes Ryan's trilogy on the major European battles of World War II (see "Behind the Lines," page 5). Part I of two installments.

The prize: Arnhem bridge, the most northern of all the river crossings the Allies hoped to seize with Operation Market-Garden



Eisenhower and Montgomery were bitterly opposed on war strategy. Montgomery thought the Supreme Commander indecisive; Eisenhower considered Britain's popular Field Marshal "an egocentric"

gomery was waiting at Brussels airport as Eisenhower's aircraft touched down. Because he had recently wrenched his knee, Eisenhower was unable to leave his plane, and the conference was held on board. Almost immediately, Montgomery denounced the Supreme Commander's broad-front policy, arguing that Patton's drive to the Saar was being allowed to proceed at the expense of his own forces. So long as these two "jerky and disjointed thrusts were continued," with supplies split between himself and Patton, "neither could succeed." It was essential, Montgomery said, that Eisenhower decide between him and Patton. So fierce and unrestrained was Montgomery's language that Eisenhower

suddenly reached out, patted Montgomery's knee and told him, "Steady, Monty! You can't speak to me like that. I'm your boss." Montgomery's anger vanished. "I'm sorry, Ike," he said quietly.

But doggedly, though with less acrimony, Montgomery continued to argue for his "single thrust." Eisenhower listened intently and with sympathy to the arguments, but his own view remained unchanged. His broad-front advance would continue. He told Montgomery clearly why. As Eisenhower was later to recall, he said, "What you're proposing is this—if I give you all of the supplies you want, you could go straight to Berlin—right straight to Berlin? Monty, you're nuts. If you try a

long column like that in a single thrust you'd have to throw off division after division to protect your flanks. Monty, you can't do it."

Eisenhower's rejection was firm. The port at Antwerp, he stressed, must be opened before any major drive into Germany could even be contemplated. Montgomery then played his trump card. The most recent development—the V-2-rocket attacks on London from sites in the Netherlands—necessitated an immediate advance into Holland. He knew exactly how such a drive should begin. His plan was an expanded, grandiose version of an earlier plan, Operation Comet, calling for one and a half divisions, which had been canceled. Montgomery proposed to use almost the entire newly formed 1st Allied Airborne Army, under the command of Lt. Gen. Lewis Hyde Brereton—three and a half divisions—in a stunning mass attack. The airborne forces were to seize a succession of river crossings in Holland ahead of his troops, with the major objective being the Lower Rhine bridge at Arnhem. This surprise attack would open a corridor northward for the tanks of Gen. Miles Dempsey's British 2nd Army, which would race across the captured bridges to Arnhem and over the Rhine. Then Montgomery hoped to wheel east, outflank the Siegfried Line and dash into the Ruhr. Once over the Rhine, Montgomery did not see how the Supreme Commander could halt his drive.

Eisenhower was intrigued and

impressed. It was a bold, brilliantly imaginative plan, exactly the kind of mass attack he himself had been seeking for his long-idle airborne divisions. But now the Supreme Commander was caught between the hammer and the anvil: If he agreed to the attack, the opening of Antwerp would have to be delayed and supplies diverted from Patton. Yet if he turned down Montgomery's proposal, he would miss the opportunity to revitalize the swift advance and perhaps propel the pursuit across the Rhine. Fascinated by the audaciousness of the plan, Eisenhower gave his approval.

Yet the Supreme Commander stressed that the attack was to be a "limited" one. He emphasized to Montgomery that he considered the airborne-ground operation "merely an extension of the advance to the Rhine and the Ruhr." As Eisenhower remembered it, he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do, Monty, I'll give you whatever you ask . . . but let's get over the Rhine first before we discuss anything else."

After Eisenhower's departure, Montgomery outlined the proposed operation on a map for Lt. Gen. Frederick Browning, deputy commander of the 1st Allied Airborne Army. Browning saw that the airborne forces were being called upon to secure a series of crossings—five of them major bridges, including those spanning the wide rivers of the Maas, the Waal and the Lower Rhine—over a stretch approximately

64 miles long between the Belgian-Dutch border and Arnhem. Additionally, they were charged with holding open the corridor—in most places a single highway running north—over which British armor would drive. The dangers were obvious, but this was precisely the kind of surprise assault for which the airborne forces had been trained. Still, Browning was uneasy. Pointing to the most northern bridge over the Lower Rhine at Arnhem, he asked, "How long will it take the armor to reach us?"

Montgomery replied briskly, "Two days."

Still intent on the map, Browning said, "We can hold it for four." Then he added, "But, sir, I think we might be going a bridge too far."

"A Deal of Mischief"

THE embryo concept (which thereafter would bear the code-name Operation Market-Garden—Market covering the airborne drop and Garden for the armored drive) was to be developed with the utmost speed. Although opposition before Montgomery's troops had stiffened, he believed that the Germans in Holland, behind the hard crust of their front lines, had little strength. Allied intelligence confirmed his estimate. Nonetheless, Montgomery insisted that the attack be launched in a few days. Otherwise, it would be too late. Confidently he set Sunday, September 17, as D-Day.

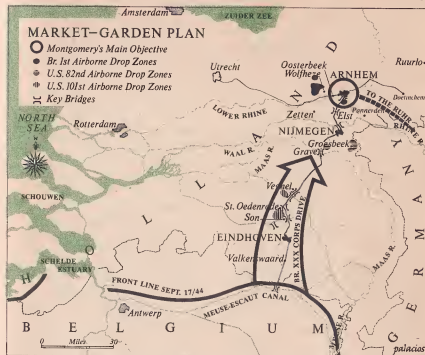
Carrying Montgomery's skeleton plan, Browning flew to England

immediately. On landing, he notified Brereton, and within hours of Eisenhower's decision, Brereton was briefing 27 senior officers on the greatest airborne operation ever conceived.

On Brereton's desk was a framed quotation, which the general often pointed out to his staff: "Where is the Prince who can afford so to cover his country with troops for its defense, as that 10,000 men descending from the clouds, might not, in many places, do an infinite deal of mischief before a force could be brought together to repel them?" It had been written in 1784 by Benjamin Franklin.

But Franklin would have been bewildered by the complexities and size of Operation Market. To invade Holland from the sky, Brereton planned to land almost 35,000 men—nearly twice the number of paratroopers and glider-borne infantry used in the invasion of Normandy—complete with vehicles, artillery and equipment. To help carry the huge force to targets 300 miles away, he would have to use every glider in his command—an immense fleet of more than 2500.

The gliders would bring in a third of the 35,000-man force; the rest would drop by parachute. Swarms of fighter squadrons from all over England—more than 1500 planes—would be needed to escort the airborne fleet. In all, almost 5000 aircraft of all types would be involved. To avoid the confusion created by darkness, the general de-



creed that the assault would take place in daylight. It was an unprecedented decision.

Brereton appointed General Browning to command the giant operation. Browning, also commander of the I British Airborne Corps and one of Britain's pioneer airborne advocates, was optimistic, believing that this single operation held the key to the end of the war.

The most crucial decision of all: Brereton was forced to tailor the plan to the existing airlift capability. He must transport his force in installments, flying the three and a half divisions to their targets over

a period of three days. The risks were great: German reinforcements might reach Market-Garden faster than anyone anticipated—and there was always the possibility that bad weather would delay the second and third drops. In Brereton's opinion such risks had to be accepted.

Two of the divisions in the attack were American. Almost directly ahead of the armored thrust attacking across the Belgian-Dutch border, Maj. Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor's 101st Airborne Division was to capture canal and river crossings over a 15-mile stretch between Eindhoven and Veghel. North of them, Brig. Gen. James M. Gavin's 82nd

Division was charged with the area between Grave and Nijmegen.

The single most important objective was the great concrete and steel highway bridge over the Lower Rhine at Arnhem. Its capture was assigned to the British "Red Devils" and the Poles—Maj. Gen. Robert Urquhart's 1st Airborne Division and Maj. Gen. Stanislaw Sosabowski's 1st Polish Parachute Brigade. Browning had chosen Urquhart, a 200-pound, six-foot Scotsman, because he was "hot from battle," having served with great distinction in North Africa, Sicily and Italy. Arnhem was the prize. Without the Rhine crossing, Montgomery's bold stroke to liberate Holland, outflank the Siegfried Line and springboard into Germany would fail.

Urquhart's assignment presented one particularly worrisome problem. The terrain around the bridge was either marshy or built-up and populated, and guarded by anti-aircraft weapons. Reluctantly, Urquhart decided on landing zones in some broad pastures, west and northwest of Arnhem. They were ideal in every way except one: they lay six to eight miles from the Arnhem bridge.

General Gavin was so astonished when he heard of Urquhart's choice of landing sites that he said to his operations chief, "My God, he can't mean it." Still, Gavin said nothing. "I assumed that the British, with extensive combat experience, knew exactly what they were doing."

General Sosabowski also had

grave misgivings. To reach the bridge the troops would have "a five-hour march; so how could surprise be achieved? Any fool of a German would immediately know our plans." Sosabowski told General Browning that it would be suicide to attempt the mission without additional forces. Browning answered, "But, my dear Sosabowski, the Red Devils and the gallant Poles can do anything!"

Discounting the Doubts

Nor everyone shared this certainty. At least one of Montgomery's senior officers had reason to be worried. Gen. Miles Dempsey, commander of the British 2nd Army, unlike the Field Marshal, did not dispute the authenticity of several recent Dutch resistance reports, which indicated rapidly increasing German strength between Eindhoven and Arnhem, the very area of the planned airborne drop.

There was even a Dutch report that "battered panzer formations have been sent to Holland to refit," and these too were said to be in the Market-Garden area. Dempsey sent along this news to Browning's British I Airborne Corps, but the information lacked any backup endorsement by Montgomery or his staff, and in the prevailing mood of optimism, the report was completely discounted.

Maj. Brian Urquhart (no relation to the general) was equally disturbed by the optimism permeating I Airborne Corps. Almost alone, the

25-year-old intelligence chief gave credence to Dempsey's report. Admittedly, the information was vague, but he had been receiving similar disquieting news from Dutch liaison officers at Corps headquarters. Adding his own information to Dempsey's, Major Urquhart felt reasonably certain that elements of at least two panzer divisions were somewhere in the Arnhem area. The units were unidentified, with strength unknown, and he could not tell whether they were being refitted or merely passing through. Nevertheless, Urquhart, as he later recalled, "was really shook up."

Quite frankly, he was "horrified by Market-Garden, because its weakness seemed to be the assumption that the Germans would put up no effective resistance." The whole essence of the scheme, as he saw it, "depended on the unbelievable notion that once the bridges were captured, the tanks could drive up this abominably narrow corridor—which was little more than a causeway, allowing no maneuverability—and then walk into Germany like a bride into a church. I simply did not believe that the Germans were going to roll over and surrender."

On the afternoon of September 12, Major Urquhart requested low-level RAF reconnaissance sweeps of the Arnhem area. Photographs of tanks, if they were there, might prove that his doubts were justified.

On the 15th, with Operation Market-Garden less than 48 hours away, Major Urquhart finally got the shots

he was looking for—five oblique-angle pictures showing the unmistakable presence of tanks in the Arnhem area.

He rushed to General Browning's office. Placing the pictures on the desk, Urquhart said, "Take a look at these." The general studied them one by one, and then, to the best of Urquhart's recollection, said, "I wouldn't trouble myself about these." And referring to the tanks, he continued, "They're probably not serviceable at any rate."

Urquhart was stunned. "Everyone was so gung-ho to go that nothing could stop them."

Almost simultaneously, across the English Channel in France, Lt. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's chief of staff, was listening to his intelligence head, British Maj. Gen. Kenneth W. Strong. Beyond doubt, Strong said, there was German armor in the Arnhem area. Dutch underground messages even identified the units as the 9th and 10th SS Panzer Divisions. Both were badly cut up, but it was considered unlikely that they had been completely destroyed.

Smith immediately conferred with the Supreme Commander. The British 1st Airborne Division, due to land at Arnhem, "could not hold out against two armored divisions," he told Eisenhower, and recommended that Market-Garden be reinforced.

Eisenhower considered his options. First, he could override Monty's plan and add reinforcements to it. But that meant challenging Montgom-

cry's generalship and upsetting an already delicate command situation. Or, he could cancel Market-Garden—on the basis of this single piece of intelligence.

Eisenhower explained to Smith: "I cannot tell Monty how to dispose of his troops," nor could he "call off the operation, since I have already given Monty the green light." If changes were to be made, Montgomery would have to make them himself.

Bedell Smith set out immediately for Brussels. He found Montgomery confident and enthusiastic. Smith explained his fears and strongly suggested revising the plan. Montgomery "ridiculed the idea. All would go well, he kept repeating, if we would help him surmount his logistical difficulties. He was not worried about German armor." The conference was fruitless. "At least I tried to stop him," Smith said. "But I got nowhere. Montgomery simply waved my objections airily aside."

"In Holland or in Hell"

At 8 British and 16 American air bases the paratroopers and gliderborne infantry of the 1st Allied Airborne Army were marshaled. Over the previous 48 hours, using maps, photographs and scale models, officers had briefed and rebriefed their men. The vast fleets of troop-carrying aircraft, tow planes and gliders were checked out, fueled, and loaded with equipment ranging from artillery to jeeps.

Now that Market-Garden was ac-

tually on, Lt. Col. Louis G. Mendez, battalion commander of the 82nd's 508th Regiment, had no hesitation in speaking out on one particular subject. "Gentlemen," Mendez coldly warned the pilots who would carry his battalion into action, "my officers know this map of Holland and the drop zones by heart and we're ready to go. When I brought my battalion to the briefing prior to Normandy I had the finest force of its size that will ever be known. By the time I gathered them together in Normandy, half were gone. I charge you: put us down in Holland or put us down in hell, but put us all down together."

One of the 504th Regiment's objectives was the bridge at Grave. Gathering the men around him, the briefing lieutenant threw back the cover on a sand-table model and said, "Men, this is your destination." He rested a pointer on the bridge which bore the single word "Grave." Pvt. Philip H. Nadler was the first to comment. "Yeah, we know that, Lieutenant," he said. "But what country are we droppin' on?"

Lt. Pat Glover of the British 1st Airborne Division's 4th Parachute Brigade worried about Myrtle, a reddish-brown chicken that had been Glover's special pet since early summer. With parachute-wing insignia fastened to an elastic band around her neck, the "parachick" had made six training jumps. Released at 300 feet, Myrtle gracefully floated down to earth, with a frenzied flutter of wings and raucous

squawking. Now Myrtle the parachick was going to Arnhem.

From Supreme Command headquarters down, senior officers anxiously awaited the meteorological reports. A minimum forecast of three full days of fair weather was needed. In the early evening of September 16, the weather experts issued their findings: apart from some early-morning fog, the weather the next three days would be fair. At 1st Allied Airborne Army headquarters, General Brereton quickly made his decision: CONFIRM MARKET-GARDEN. **SUNDAY 17TH. ACKNOWLEDGE.**

In crowded hangars, cities of tents and Nissen huts, the waiting men were given the news. On a large mirror over the fireplace in the sergeants' mess of the British 1st Airborne Division Signals near Grantham, someone chalked up "14 hours to go . . . no cancellation." As each hour passed, the number was chalked.

There was little now for the isolated troopers to do but wait. Some spent the time writing letters, packing personal belongings, sleeping or playing marathon card games. Twenty-year-old Sgt. Francis Moncur, of the 1st Parachute Brigade's 2nd Battalion, played blackjack with invasion money hour after hour. To his surprise, he won steadily. Looking at the ever-growing pile of Dutch guilders before him, Moncur felt like a millionaire. He expected to have a "whale of a time in Arnhem after the battle," which, in his opinion, would "last only 48 hours."

At Manston, Kent, Sgt. George

Baylis of the Glider Pilot Regiment was also looking forward to some recreation. He had heard that the Dutch liked to dance; so George carefully packed his dancing pumps.

Another man was taking presents that he had bought in London a few days earlier. When the Netherlands was overrun by the Germans, 32-year-old Lt. Cmdr. Arnoldus Wolters of the Dutch navy had escaped in his minesweeper to England. A few days earlier, Wolters had been asked to go to Holland as part of the military government and civil-affairs team attached to General Urquhart's headquarters. "I expected to land on Sunday and be home on Tuesday with my wife and child at Hilversum." For his wife, Maria, Wolters had bought a watch, and for his daughter, whom he had last seen as a baby four years before, he had a two-foot Teddy bear. He hoped nobody would mind if he took it in the glider.

Lt. Col. John Frost, 31, who was to lead one of the battalions assigned to capture the Arnhem bridge, packed his copper fox-hunting horn with the rest of his battle gear. It had been presented to him by members of the Royal Iraqi Exodus Hunt, of which he was Master in 1939-40. During training, Frost had used the horn to rally his men. He would do so on this operation. Frost slept soundly on September 16. Although he wasn't naïve enough to think the battle of Arnhem would be "much of a lark," he did tell his batman, Wicks, to pack his gun, cartridges,

golf clubs and dinner jacket in the staff car that would follow.

On the mirror above the fireplace in the sergeants' mess, now empty, there was one last notation, scrawled before men became too busy to bother. It read: "2 hours to go . . . no cancellation."

Across the Channel

THE thunder of the huge formations was earsplitting. Around British glider bases in Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire, horses and cattle panicked and bolted in the fields. Everywhere people gaped, dumbfounded, at a spectacle no one had ever seen before. The mightiest airborne force in history was off the ground and heading for its targets.

To the onlookers, the nature of the attack was clearly revealed. A Red Cross worker, Angela Hawkings, may have best summed up the reactions of those who saw the vast armada pass. From the window of a train, she stared up, astonished, as wave after wave of planes flew over like "droves of starlings." She was convinced that "this attack, wherever bound, must surely bring about the end of the war."

The operation began in the pre-dawn hours and continued throughout the morning. First, more than 1400 Allied bombers had pounded German anti-aircraft positions and troop concentrations in the Market-Garden area. Then, at 9:45 and for 2¼ hours more, 2023 troop-carrying planes, gliders and their tugs swarmed into the air. Swaying

among the smaller Horsa and Waco gliders were massive slab-sided Hamilcars, each with a cargo capacity of eight tons. Above, below and on the flanks were the fighters and fighter-bombers. By 11:55 a.m., the entire force—more than 20,000 troops, 511 vehicles, 330 artillery pieces and 590 tons of equipment—was aloft. There were so many planes in the air that Capt. Neil Sweeney of the 101st Airborne Division remembered that "it looked like we could get out on the wings and walk all the way to Holland."

Mishaps occurred almost immediately, and by the time the last of the sky trains reached the English coast 30 gliders were down. Tug engine failure, broken tow ropes and, in places, heavy clouds had caused the aborts. Unfortunately, 23 of them belonged to General Urquhart, who would drop on Arnhem.

Over the English Channel eight more gliders ditched; once they were on the water, the air-sea rescue service, in a spectacular performance, saved nearly all crews and passengers. Again, Urquhart's force was whittled down. Of the eight gliders, five were Arnhem-bound.

As the Dutch coastline appeared in the distance, the 82nd Airborne and the British troopers in the northern columns began to see the ominous telltale gray-and-black puffs of flak—German anti-aircraft fire. Escorting fighters began peeling off for formation, engaging the gun positions. In the planes men could hear spent shrapnel scraping against the

metal sides of the C-47s. Veteran paratrooper Pvt. Leo Hart heard a rookie aboard his plane ask, "Are these seats bullet-proof?" Hart just glowered at him; the light metal seats wouldn't have offered protection against a well-thrown stone.

Old hands hid their fears in various ways. When S/Sgt. Paul Nunan saw the "familiar golf balls of red tracer bullets weaving up toward us," he pretended to doze off. Sgt. Bill Tucker, who had gone through anti-aircraft fire in Normandy, was haunted by a "horrible fear of getting hit from underneath." He felt "less naked" sitting on three Air Force flak jackets.

Although the escort fighters silenced most of the coastal flak positions, some planes were damaged and one tug, its glider and a troop-carrier C-47 were shot down over Schouwen Island. The tug crashed, and its crew were killed. The glider, an 82nd Airborne Waco, broke up in midair and may have been seen by Maj. Dennis Munford, flying in a British column nearby. He watched, aghast, as the Waco disintegrated and "men and equipment spilt out of it like toys from a Christmas cracker."

Incredibly, despite the night's widespread bombing, and continuing aerial attacks against Arnhem, Nijmegen and Eindhoven, the Germans failed to realize what was happening. Field Marshal Walter Model, in his headquarters at Oosterbeek, had been watching the bomber formations for some time. Opinion

at headquarters was unanimous: the squadrons of Flying Fortresses were returning from their nightly bombing of Germany and, as usual, other streams of Fortresses were heading east for other targets in the never-ending bombing of Germany. As for the local bombing, it was not uncommon for planes to jettison unused bombs over the Ruhr and often, as a result, into Holland.

Over Arnhem at 11:30 a.m., columns of black smoke rose in the sky as fires burned throughout the city in the aftermath of a three-hour, near-saturation bombing. In Wolfheze, Oosterbeek, Nijmegen and Eindhoven, buildings were leveled, streets were cratered and littered with debris and glass, and casualties were mounting by the minute. The mood of the Dutch, huddling in churches, cellars and shelters or, with foolhardy courage, cycling the streets or staring from rooftops, alternated between terror and exultation.

Close by the hamlet of Zeelst, approximately five miles west of Eindhoven, Gerardus de Wit had taken shelter in a beet field during the bombings. Now, he was frantic to get back to his wife and their 11 children. As he neared Zeelst, he noted that bombs presumably intended for the airfield outside Eindhoven had fallen, instead, directly on the little village. De Wit could see nothing but ruins. Several houses were burning, others had collapsed; and people stood about dazed and crying.

Then he saw his wife, Adriana,

running to him. "Come quickly," she told him. "Our Tiny has been hit." "When I got to him," De Wit said, "I saw that the whole of his right side was open and his right leg was cut almost through. His right arm was missing. He asked me about his arm and, to comfort him, I said, 'You're lying on it.'" Cradling the boy, De Wit set out for a Red Cross post. Before he reached it, his 14-year-old son had died in his arms.

First Encounters

Pfc. John Cipolla, of the 101st Airborne, was dozing when he was suddenly awakened by "the sharp crack of anti-aircraft guns, and shrapnel ripped through our plane." Like everyone else, Cipolla was so weighted down by equipment that he could hardly move. Besides his rifle, knapsack, raincoat and blanket, he had ammunition belts draping his shoulders, pockets full of hand grenades, rations and his main parachute plus reserve. In addition, in his plane, each man carried a land mine. As he recalls, "A C-47 on our left flank burst into flames, then another, and I thought, *My God, we are next! How will I ever get out of this plane!*"

The jumpmaster gave the order, "Stand up and hook up." Then he calmly began an equipment check. It seemed hours before Cipolla, the last man of the stick, was able to shout, "Twenty-one Okay." Then the green light went on and, in a rush, the men were out and falling, parachutes blossoming above them.

Looking up to check his canopy, Cipolla saw the C-47 he had just left go down in flames.

Despite the bursting shells that engulfed the planes, the formations did not waver. The pilots held to their courses without deviating. "Don't worry about me," 2nd Lt. Herbert E. Shulman, the pilot of one burning C-47, radioed his flight commander. "I'm going to drop these troops right on target." He did. Paratroopers left the plane safely. Moments later, it crashed in flames.

To General Taylor, the 101st jump was "unusually successful; almost like an exercise." In the initial planning, his staff had anticipated casualties as high as 30 percent. Of the 6695 paratroopers who emplaned in England, 6669 actually jumped. Despite the intense flak, the bravery of the C-47 and fighter pilots gave the 101st an almost perfect jump. But out of the 424 C-47s carrying the 101st, every fourth plane was damaged, and 16 went down, killing their crews.

First Lt. James J. Coyle, of the 82nd Airborne, thought he was heading for a landing on a German tent hospital. Suddenly, enemy troops poured out of the tent and began running for 20-mm. anti-aircraft guns around the perimeter. One of the Germans moved in Coyle's direction, and Coyle worked his .45 from its holster, but couldn't get off a shot. On the ground, Coyle drew his pistol once more. "The Kraut was now only a few feet away, but he was acting as though he didn't

know I existed. Suddenly I realized that he was running away." As the German hurried past Coyle, he threw away his gun and helmet, and Coyle could see "he was only a kid, about 18 years old. I just couldn't shoot an unarmed man. The last I saw of the boy he was running for the German border."

When tracer bullets began ripping through his canopy, Pvt. Edwin C. Raub became so enraged that he deliberately sideslipped his chute so as to land next to the anti-aircraft gun. Dragging his parachute behind him, Raub rushed the Germans with his Tommy gun. He killed one, captured the others and then, with plastic explosives, destroyed the flak-gun barrels.

Although enemy opposition in the Groesbeek area was officially considered negligible, a considerable amount of anti-aircraft and small-arms fire came from the woods surrounding the drop zones. Without waiting to assemble, 82nd troopers, individually and in small groups, swarmed over these pockets of resistance, quickly subduing them and taking prisoners. Simultaneously, fighter planes skimmed over trees, machine-gunning enemy emplacements. The Germans scored heavily against these low-level attacks.

Just after landing and assembling his gear, S/Sgt. Russell O'Neal watched a P-51 fighter dive and strafe a hidden German position near his field. After the plane had made two passes over the machine-gun nest, it was hit; but the pilot was

able to circle and make a safe belly landing. According to O'Neal, "This guy jumped out and ran up to me, shouting, 'Give me a gun, quick! I know right where that s.o.b. is, and I'm gonna get him.'" As O'Neal stared after him, the pilot grabbed a gun and raced toward the woods.

Within 18 minutes, 4511 men of the 82nd's 505th and 508th regiments, along with engineers and 70 tons of equipment, were down on or near their drop zones straddling the town of Groesbeek. Glider-borne troops brought the total to 7467.

A Crucial Breakdown

MEANWHILE, to the north, surrounded by ground haze and the smoke and fire of burning buildings, the mighty British glider fleet was landing. Blue smoke eddied up from the two landing zones. From these zones, tugs and gliders stretched back almost 20 miles.

Many gliders, having surmounted all the hazards of the trip, touched down to disaster. S/Sgt. George Davis stood near his empty Horsa and watched another Horsa rumble in. It plowed into a nearby wood. No one got out. Davis ran to the glider and looked into the Plexiglas-covered cockpit. Everyone inside was dead. A 75-mm. howitzer had broken from its chain mooring, crushing the gun crew and decapitating the pilot and copilot.

General Urquhart was struck by the stillness. "It was," he recalls, "incredibly quiet. Unreal." While his

chief of staff set up the division's tactical headquarters at the edge of the woods, Urquhart headed for the parachute dropping zones, 400 yards away. It was nearly time for Brig. Gerald Lathbury's 1st Parachute Brigade to arrive.

The first person Sgt. Norman Swift saw when he landed was Sgt. Maj. Les Ellis, who was passing by holding a dead partridge. The amazed Swift asked where the bird had come from. "I landed on it," Ellis said. "It'll be a bit of all right later on, in case we're hungry."

Dazed after a hard fall, Lt. Robin Vlasto lay still for a few moments, trying to orient himself. He was conscious of "an incredible number of bodies and containers coming down all around me as planes continued to pour out paratroopers." Then, as he struggled to get out of his harness, he heard a weird sound. Looking around, he saw Colonel Frost walking past, blowing his copper hunting horn.

All over the drop and landing zones, where 5,191 men of the division had arrived safely, units were assembling, forming up and moving out. General Urquhart "couldn't have been more pleased. Everything appeared to be going splendidly."

In all the panic and confusion, the first German senior officer to raise the alert was Gen. Wilhelm Bittrich, commander of the II SS Panzer Corps. At 1:30 p.m. he received the first report that airborne troops

were landing near Arnhem. Immediately, he alerted Lt. Col. Walter Harzer of the 9th Panzer Division and ordered him to reconnoiter in the direction of Arnhem and Oosterbeek. At the same time, he ordered the 10th Panzer Division to move toward Nijmegen, "to take, hold and defend the city's bridges." The panzer units that Montgomery had totally dismissed had been set in motion.

MAJ. Anthony Deane-Drummond, second in command of the British 1st Airborne Division Signals, could not understand what was wrong. At one moment his radio sets were getting perfect reception from Brigadier Lathbury's brigade as it headed for its objectives, including the Arnhem bridge. But now the radio signals were fading until they were hardly audible.

Lathbury's messages were vital to General Urquhart in his direction of the battle. Deane-Drummond decided to send out a jeep with a radio and operator to pick up Lathbury's signals and relay them back to Division. A short time later, he heard signals from the relay team. The range of their set seemed drastically reduced, and the signal faint. Even as he listened, the signal faded completely. Deane-Drummond was unable to raise anybody.

Nor was a special team of American communications operators with two radio jeeps. Hastily assembled and rushed to British Airborne Division headquarters only a few hours

before takeoff, the Americans were to operate ground-to-air "very high frequency" sets to call in fighters for close support. In the first few hours of the battle, these radio jeeps might have made all the difference. Instead, they were useless. Neither jeep's set had been adjusted to the necessary frequencies. With the battle barely begun, British radio communications had totally broken down.

There appears to be no information on who erred in the allocation of the frequencies, nor are the names of the Americans known. The two teams, who found themselves in the middle of the battle with the means of perhaps changing the entire course of history on that vital day, have never been identified. Yet these two combat units are the only American ones known to have been in the Arnhem battle.

Ominous Delay

FROM the flat roof of a large factory near the Meuse-Escaut Canal on the Dutch-Belgian border, Gen. Brian Horrocks, commander of the British XXX Corps, watched the last of the huge airborne-glider formations pass over his waiting tanks. Satisfied that the airborne assault had now begun, Horrocks gave the order for the Garden forces to attack. At 2:15 p.m., with a thunderous roar, some 350 guns opened fire.

Ton after ton of explosives flayed the enemy positions up ahead. The hurricane of fire, ranging five miles in depth and concentrated over a

one-mile front, caused the earth to shake beneath the tanks of the Irish Guards as they lumbered up to the start line. Behind the lead squadrons, hundreds of other tanks and armored vehicles began to move out of their parking positions.

The tanks rumbled and clanked up the road at eight miles an hour. The curtain of artillery fire lifted to creep ahead of the armor at exactly the same speed. Tankers could see shells bursting barely 100 yards in front of them.

Behind the lead squadrons came the scout car of Lt. Col. Joe Vandeleur. Standing, Vandeleur could see both in front of and behind him. "The din was unimaginable," he remembers, "but everything was going according to plan." Then, in seconds, the picture changed. As Vandeleur recalls, "The Germans really began to paste us."

Ensnared in well-hidden, fortified positions on both sides of the road, German gunners had waited until the barrage passed over them, letting the first few tanks go through. Then they opened fire. Suddenly, within two minutes, nine tanks were knocked out of action. Burning and disabled, they littered a half mile of road.

The breakout had been stopped before it had really begun. Squadrons coming up could not advance. Even if they could bypass the burning hulks, hidden German gunners would pick them off. To get the advance rolling again, Vandeleur called in the rocket-firing Typhoons cir-

cling overhead. "I was amazed at the guts of those pilots," Vandeleur recalls. "They came in, one at a time, head to tail, flying right through our own barrage. One disintegrated right above me. It was incredible—guns firing, the roar of planes, the shouts and curses of the men. In the middle of it all, Division asked how the battle was going. My second in command was just held up the microphone and said, 'Listen.'"

As the planes swooped down, Vandeleur sent forward an armored bulldozer to push the burning tanks off the road. Then infantry moved up to clean out the woods with two Bren-gun carriers. A tank commander remembers seeing "both carriers catapulted into the air. They had run over enemy land mines." When the smoke cleared, he saw "bodies in the trees—pieces of men hanging from every limb."

Grimly, the British infantry began to dig out the Germans from their hidden trenches. The Irish Guardsmen showed no quarter. Prisoners were made to double-time down the road, prodded with bayonets. One German tried to break away. "He was dead the second the thought entered his mind," an infantryman recalls. As Vandeleur watched the prisoners being marched past his scout car, he caught a sudden movement. "The bastard had taken a grenade he'd concealed and lobbed it into one of our gun carriers. It went off with a tremendous explosion, and I saw one of my sergeants lying in the road with his leg blown off.

The German was cut down on all sides by machine guns."

At his command post, General Horrocks received word that the Germans had been routed on the flanks. But the German crust was far tougher than anyone had anticipated. Among the prisoners were men of renowned parachute battalions and—to the complete surprise of the British—veteran infantrymen from the 9th and 10th SS Panzer divisions. To compound the surprise, some prisoners were discovered to belong to Gen. Gustav von Zangen's 15th Army. As the Irish Guards' war diary notes, "Our intelligence spent the day in a state of indignant surprise: one German regiment after another appeared which had no right to be there."

General Horrocks had expected that his lead tanks would drive the 13 miles to Eindhoven "within two to three hours." Precious time had been lost, and the Irish Guards would cover only seven miles, reaching Valkenswaard by nightfall. Market-Garden was already ominously behind schedule.

Halting the Parade

In their camouflaged battle smocks and distinctive crash helmets, laden with weapons and ammunition, the men of Brigadier Lathbury's 1st Parachute Brigade were on the way to Arnhem. The plan called for the three battalions of his brigade to converge on Arnhem, each from a different direction, Colonel Frost's 2nd Battalion was given the prime objec-

tive. Marching along a secondary road running close to the north bank of the Lower Rhine, they were to capture the main highway bridge. En route, they were to take the railway and pontoon bridges west of the great highway crossing. The 3rd Battalion, under Lt. Col. J. A. C. Fitch, would approach the bridge from the north, reinforcing Frost. Once these two battalions had been successfully launched, Lt. Col. D. Dobie's 1st Battalion was to advance along the most northerly route and occupy the high ground north of the city.

All along the three lines of march, the men encountered jubilant throngs of Dutch. Many civilians from farms and outlying hamlets had followed the paratroopers from the time they left the landing zones and, as the crowds grew, the welcome seemed almost to overwhelm the march itself. Capt. Eric Mackay, traveling the southernmost route with Colonel Frost's 2nd Battalion, was disturbed by the holiday atmosphere. "We were hampered by Dutch civilians," he says. "Waving, cheering and clapping, they offered us apples, pears, something to drink. But they interfered with our progress and filled me with dread that they would give our positions away."

As Mackay feared, the victory parade came to a sudden halt. Sgt. Maj. Harry Callaghan, on the middle route, remembers, "It all happened so quickly. One moment we were marching steadily toward Arnhem; the next, we were scattered in the ditches. Snipers had opened fire,

and three dead soldiers lay across the road." Many men recall that the first serious German opposition began after the first hour of march—around 4:30 p.m. Two of the three battalions—Dobie's, on the northern route, and Fitch's, in the center—were unexpectedly engaged in fierce enemy attacks. As Dobie's 1st Battalion approached Wolfheze, it was almost completely stopped.

"We halted," Pvt. Walter Boldock recalls. "Then we started off again. Then we halted and dug in. Next, we moved on again, changing direction. Our progress was dictated by the success of the lead companies. Mortar bombs and bullets harassed us all the way." Beside a hedge, Boldock saw a sergeant he knew, lying seriously wounded. Farther ahead, he came upon the smoldering body of a lieutenant. He had been hit by a phosphorus bomb. To another soldier, Pvt. Roy Edwards, "It just seemed we kept making a detour of the countryside and getting into running battles all afternoon."

The paratroopers were stunned by the ferociousness of the unanticipated enemy attacks. Pvt. Andrew Milbourne, on the northern route, heard firing in the distance off to the south and was momentarily glad that his 1st Battalion had been given the assignment to hold the high ground north of Arnhem. Then, nearing Wolfheze, Milbourne realized that the column had swung south off the main road. He saw the railway station and, close to it, a tank. His first reaction was one of

elation. *My God! he thought. Monty was right. The Second Army's here already!* Then, as the turret swung slowly around, Milbourne saw that a black cross was painted on the tank. Suddenly, he seemed to see Germans everywhere.

Hampered by the breakdown of communications and subsequent lack of direction, the men of the 1st and 3rd battalions were engaging in constant, bitter skirmishes. Hardened and desperate Waffen SS troopers, inferior in numbers but bolstered by half-tracks, artillery and tanks, were reducing the British advance on the two upper roads to a crawl, and there was little chance that the 1st and 3rd battalions could reach their Arnhem objectives as planned. Now everything depended upon Col. John Frost's 2nd Battalion, moving steadily along the Lower Rhine road, the secondary route that the Germans had largely dismissed.

"Fine Feat of Arms"

ALTHOUGH Frost's battalion had been held up briefly several times by enemy fire, he had pressed forward to the first objective, the railway bridge over the Lower Rhine slightly southeast of Oosterbeek. According to plan, Maj. Victor Dover's C Company peeled off and headed for the river. The bridge looked empty and undefended as they approached. Lt. Peter Barry, 21, was ordered to take his platoon across. Barry's platoon was within 300 yards of the bridge when he saw "a German run onto the bridge from the other side.



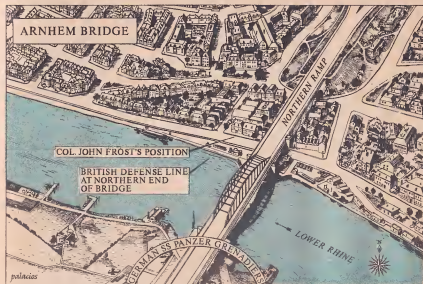
Lt. Col. John Frost

He reached the middle, knelt down and started doing something. I told one section to open fire and a second section to rush the bridge."

Barry recalls that they "got onto the bridge and began racing across at full speed. Suddenly, there was a tremendous explosion and the bridge went up in our faces." One of the three bridges was gone.

There was more disappointment in store. When they reached the pontoon bridge they found that the center section had been removed. But, barely a mile away, the great concrete-and-steel span of the main bridge was silhouetted against the last light.

As lead elements of the 2nd Battalion neared the bridge, Lt. Robin Vlasto, in command of one of A Company's platoons, was amazed



by "its incredible great height." Vlasto noted "pillboxes at each end and, even in the general air of desperation, they looked threatening." In darkness A Company quietly took up positions beneath the huge supports at the northern end. From above came the rumble of traffic.

Shortly after 8 p.m., Colonel Frost and the battalion headquarters arrived. He at once ordered A Company onto the bridge. As the men began to move across, the Germans came to life. Troopers were raked with fire from the pillbox at the northern end and by a lone armored car on the southern end of the bridge itself. A platoon, aided by Eric Mackay's sappers carrying flamethrowers, began to move through the top floors of houses whose roofs and attics were at eye

level with the ramp. Simultaneously, Lieutenant Vlasto's platoon worked its way through basements and cellars. In position, they attacked the pillbox.

As the flamethrowers went into action, Frost recalls that "all hell seemed to be let loose. The sky lit up, and there was the noise of machine-gun fire, a succession of explosions, the crackling of burning ammunition and the thump of a cannon. A wooden building nearby was wreathed in flames, and there were screams of agony and fear."

Suddenly, the brief, savage battle was over. The guns in the pillbox fell silent and, through the fires, Frost saw German soldiers staggering toward his men. A Company had successfully cleared the north end of the bridge and it was theirs.

But fires and exploding ammunition made it suicidal to risk a second rush to grab the southern side. Only half an hour earlier, Frost could have succeeded. But now, on the south bank, a group of SS Panzer Grenadiers had taken up positions.

There was little more that Frost could do this night, except to guard the northern end of the bridge from enemy attacks. After conferring with his officers, Frost thought it was now obvious that the 1st and 3rd battalions had both been held up. Without communications, it was impossible to tell what had happened. But if the two battalions did not reach Arnhem during the hours of darkness, the Germans would have the precious time necessary to close the area between Frost's men and the rest of the division.

Additionally, Frost was worried that the great bridge might still be blown. In the opinion of the engineers, the heat from fires had destroyed any fuses laid from the bridge to the town and all visible cables had already been cut by sappers. Still, no one knew exactly where other cables might be hidden. And, as Frost recalls, "The fires prevented even one man from being able to get on the bridge to remove any charges still there."

But the northern end of the Arnhem bridge was in Frost's hands, and he and his courageous men had no intention of giving it up.

At battalion headquarters, hastily established in a house overlooking the bridge, Frost settled down for

the first time during the day. Sipping from a large mug of tea, he thought that, all in all, the situation was not too bad. "We had come eight miles through close, difficult country, to capture our objective within seven hours of landing in Holland—a very fine feat of arms indeed." Although restless, Frost, like his men, was optimistic. He now had a force numbering about 500 men. He would only have to hold, at most, for another 48 hours—until the tanks of General Horrocks' XXX Corps arrived.

German Frustration

FROM Berlin to the western front, the German high command was stunned by the sudden Allied attack. Only in Arnhem, where the British 1st Airborne Division had dropped almost on top of General Bittrich's two panzer divisions, was the reaction both fierce and quick. Elsewhere, baffled and confused commanders tried to determine whether the startling events of September 17 were indeed the opening phase of an invasion of the Reich.

At Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt's headquarters in Koblenz, the general reaction was one of astonishment. The crusty, aristocratic Von Rundstedt was not so much surprised at the nature of the attack, as by the man who, he reasoned, must be directing it—Montgomery. Von Rundstedt had long been certain that Patton and the American 3rd Army driving toward the Saar posed the real danger. To combat that

threat, he had committed his best troops to repulse Patton's racing tanks. Now Germany's most renowned soldier was caught temporarily off balance. Never had he expected Eisenhower's main offensive to be led by Montgomery, whom he had always considered "overly cautious, habit-ridden and systematic."

During the night hours it was impossible to estimate the strength of the Allied airborne forces in Holland, but Von Rundstedt was convinced that further landings could be expected. Messages went out from his headquarters transferring units from their positions facing the Americans at Aachen. The moves were risky but essential. These units would have to travel north immediately, and their commitment in the line might take 48 hours at minimum. Von Rundstedt issued further orders to defense areas along Germany's northwest frontier, calling for all available armor and anti-aircraft units to proceed to the quiet backwater of Holland, where, he was now convinced, imminent danger to the Third Reich lay.

It was late evening when the staff car carrying Gen. Wilhelm Bittrich from his headquarters at Doetinchem arrived in the darkened streets of Arnhem. Bittrich was determined to see for himself what was happening. As he reconnoitered through the city, fires were still burning and debris littered the streets—the effect of the morning's bombing. Dead

soldiers and smoldering vehicles in many areas attested, as Bittrich was later to say, to "the turbulent fighting that had taken place." Yet he had no clear picture of what was happening. Returning to his own headquarters, Bittrich learned that the great bridge had been taken by British paratroopers. Bittrich was infuriated. His specific order to Harzer had been to hold the bridge.

THERE was a red glow in the sky over Arnhem as the speeding car bringing Maj. Gen. Heinz Harmel from Berlin neared the city. Apprehensive and tired after the long trip, Harmel arrived at the 10th SS Panzer Division headquarters in Ruurlo, only to find that his command post was now situated in Velp, approximately three miles northeast of Arnhem. There, he found his chief of staff looking exhausted. "Thank God you're back!" the man said. Quickly he briefed Harmel on the day's events and on the orders received from General Bittrich. "I was dumbfounded," Harmel recalls. "Everything seemed confused and uncertain. I was very tired, yet the gravity of the situation was such that I called my commander, Bittrich, and told him I was coming to see him."

As Harmel was shown in, Bittrich began immediately to outline the situation on his maps. "British paratroopers have landed here, west of Arnhem," he told Harmel. "We have no idea of their actual strength or intentions." Pointing to Nijme-

gen and Eindhoven, the corps commander said, "American airborne forces have secured lodgments in these two areas. Montgomery's forces have attacked north from the border. In my opinion, the objectives are the bridges. Once these are secured, Montgomery can drive directly up to the center of Holland and from there, into the Ruhr."

Bittrich waved his hands and added, "Model disagrees. He believes further airborne forces will be dropped north of the Rhine, east and west of Arnhem, which will then march toward the Ruhr."*

Harzer's 9th SS Panzer Division, Bittrich went on to explain, had

*In fact, a detailed outline of Market-Garden plans had fallen into German hands, showing drop zones, objectives and assault routes. Because of the fighting, the plans did not reach Model for some hours, and when they did, he initially discounted them.



Field Marshal Model, General Bittrich, Major Knaust and Major General Harmel confer during battle

been ordered to mop up the British west and north of Arnhem. The 10th SS Panzer Division, he continued, was charged with all activities to the east of Arnhem and south to Nijmegen. Stabbing the map with his finger, Bittrich told Harmel, "The Nijmegen bridge must be held at all costs. The Arnhem bridge and the area south to Nijmegen is your responsibility."

As he listened, Harmel realized with growing alarm that with the Arnhem bridge in British hands, there was no way to get his armor quickly across the Lower Rhine and down to Nijmegen. His entire division would have to be taken over the Lower Rhine at a ferry landing in the village of Panterden, some eight miles southeast of Arnhem.

Leaving Bittrich's headquarters, Harmel asked his commander,

"Why not destroy the Nijmegen bridge before it's too late?" Bittrich's tone was ironic. "Model has flatly refused to consider the idea. We may need it to counterattack."

Harmel stared in amazement.

"With what?" he asked.

In the dark, Harmel set out for Panterden. His units were already on the move toward the ferry crossing and the roads were choked with troops and vehicles, while in Panterden itself, vehicles formed a gigantic traffic jam. In the opinion of one of his officers, Harmel's units might not be in action in the Arnhem-Nijmegen area until September 24 if the slow, cumbersome ferrying could not be speeded up.

Harmel knew there was only one solution to the problem. He would have to retake the Arnhem bridge and open the highway route to Nijmegen. As this first day of Market-Garden ended, all the German frustrations now focused on a single obstinate man—Lt. Col. John Frost at the Arnhem bridge.

"Armored Cars on the Bridge!"

THE battle for the bridge raged all night. Twice Frost's men tried to rush the southern end, only to be beaten back. Then truckloads of German infantry attempted to ram their way across. With flamethrowers, Frost's men set the vehicles on fire. Panzer Grenadiers were burned alive in the inferno and fell screaming to the Rhine 100 feet below.

Throughout the night, men of the 1st and 3rd British battalions man-

aged; by twos and threes, to fight through Colonel Harzer's defense ring to the north and west and reach the bridge. By dawn on the 18th, Frost estimated that he had between 600 and 700 men on the northern approach. But each hour that brought him more troops brought, too, the increasing sounds of mechanized equipment as General Harmel's armored units entered the city and took up positions.

Even the German armor found Arnhem a hazardous and frightening place. Along various routes throughout the city, ordinary Dutch civilians had blocked the roads. Sgt. Reginald Isherwood, of the 1st Battalion, finally found his way to the center of Arnhem at daybreak, after a hazardous night on the roads. There he saw "a sight that will live with me until the end of my days." The Dutch, braving German and British bullets, emerged from basements, cellars, gardens and wrecked buildings, to collect bodies. "They carried the wounded to makeshift dressing stations and shelters in the basements," Isherwood recalls. "But the bodies of the dead were stacked like sandbags in long rows, the heads and feet placed alternately." The proud, grieving citizens of Arnhem were laying the bodies of friend and foe alike across the streets in five-to-six-foot-high human roadblocks to prevent German tanks from reaching Frost.

Meanwhile, in the western suburbs of Arnhem, the once tidy parks and clean-swept streets were scarred

and pitted by the battle as the main body of the British 1st and 3rd battalions continued their struggle to reach the bridge. Glass, debris and the broken boughs of copper-beech trees littered the cobblestone streets. Rhododendron bushes and thick borders of bronze, orange and yellow marigolds lay torn and crushed, and vegetable gardens in back of the neat Dutch houses were in ruins. The snouts of British anti-tank guns protruded from the shattered windows of shops and stores, while German half-tracks, deliberately backed into houses and concealed by their rubble, menaced the streets.



British "Red Devils" entering Arnhem

This strange, deadly battle, now devastating the outskirts of the city barely two miles from the Arnhem bridge, seemed to have no plan or strategy. Like all street fighting, it had become one mas-

sive, fierce, man-to-man encounter in a checkerboard of narrow passageways.

At precisely 9:30 a.m., Cpl. Don Lumb, from his rooftop position near the bridge, yelled out excitedly, "Thanks! It's XXX Corps!" At battalion headquarters nearby, Colonel Frost heard his own spotter call out. Like Lumb, Frost felt a moment's heady exhilaration. "I remember thinking that we would have the honor of welcoming XXX Corps into Arnhem all by ourselves," he recalls. Sgt. Charles Storey pounded up the stairs to Corporal Lumb's lookout. Peering toward the smoke still rising from the southern approach, Storey saw the column Lumb had spotted. His reaction was immediate. Racing back downstairs, the pre-Dunkirk veteran shouted, "They're Germans! Armored cars on the bridge!"

At top speed, the vanguard of German Capt. Paul Gräbner's assault force came on across the bridge. With extraordinary skill, German drivers, swerving left and right, not only avoided the smoldering wreckage cluttering the bridge, but drove straight through a mine field that the British had laid during the night. Just one of Gräbner's five lead vehicles touched off a mine; only superficially damaged, it kept on coming.

The surprise breakthrough stunned the British. But they recovered quickly. From parapets, rooftops, windows and slit trenches,

troopers opened fire with every weapon available, from machine guns to hand grenades. Sapper Ronald Emery shot the driver and co-driver of the first half-track to cross. As the second came into view, Emery shot its driver, too. The half-track came to a dead halt just off the ramp, whereupon the remainder of its crew of six, abandoning the vehicle, were shot, one by one.

Two more half-tracks nosed across the bridge, but suddenly chaos overtook the German assault. The driver of the third half-track was wounded. Panicked, he threw his vehicle into reverse, colliding with the half-track behind. The two vehicles, now inextricably tangled, slewed across the road, one bursting into flames. Doggedly the Germans coming up behind tried to force a passage. Accelerating their vehicles, frantic to gain the northern side, they rammed into one another and into the growing piles of debris tossed up by shells and mortar bursts. Out of control, some half-tracks hit the edge of the ramp with such force that they toppled over the edge and down into the streets below. Supporting German infantrymen following the half-tracks were mercilessly cut down. Unable to advance beyond the center of the bridge, the survivors raced back to the southern side, and in the bitter no-quarter fighting, Captain Gräbner was killed.

Almost as though they were being congratulated on their success, 2nd Battalion signalmen suddenly

picked up a strong clear message from XXX Corps. The grimy, weary troopers imagined that their ordeal was all but over. Now, beyond any doubt, Horrocks' tanks must be a scant few hours away.

But it was not so. Only 28 miles of the corridor—from the Belgian border north to Veghel—were now controlled by the Anglo-Americans. With extraordinary speed, the 101st Division had covered its 15-mile stretch of highway, capturing the principal towns of Eindhoven, St. Oedenrode and Veghel, and all but two of 11 crossings. But at Son the bridge was blown up by the Germans, and Horrocks' 20,000-vehicle relief column could advance no farther until it was repaired.

A Sea of Ruins

DELAYED by bad weather over England, the second day's drop did not arrive until about 2 p.m. The armada was gigantic, dwarfing even the spectacle of the day before. And even with the battle under way, 90 percent of the lift landed in the right places. But once on the ground, they were soon caught up in the stalemate battle outside of Arnhem. Moreover, of the 87 tons of ammunition, food and supplies destined for the men of Arnhem, only 12 tons reached the troops. The remainder fell among the Germans.

Mauled and battered, the 2nd Battalion and the valiant stragglers who had reached it were still holding, but Frost's situation had been desperate for hours and was deteriorating rap-

idly. "We were getting constant messages from the bridge asking for relief and ammunition," Brig. Philip Hicks recalls. "Enemy pressure and the steadily increasing strength of German armor were building everywhere. We could not raise Browning at Corps headquarters to explain the gravity of the situation, and we were desperate for help."

Bittrich's men held the north of Arnhem; his troops had bottled up Frost at the bridge and successfully prevented Dobie's and Fitch's battalions from relieving them. In the built-up areas around St. Elisabeth's Hospital barely a mile or so from the bridge, the battalions were now stopped in their tracks. The newly arrived South Staffordshires and the 11th Battalion were faring no better. "We came to the wide open, exposed riverside stretch of road in front of St. Elisabeth's Hospital, and then everything suddenly let loose," remembers Pvt. Robert C. Edwards of D Company of the South Staffordshires. "We must have looked like targets in a shooting gallery. All Jerry had to do was line up his guns on this one gap—about a quarter of a mile wide—and fire. He couldn't miss."

Edwards threw some smoke bombs to try to hide their advance and "then put my head down and ran like a hare." He stumbled over "heaps of dead, slithered in pools of blood, until I reached the partial shelter afforded by houses and buildings on the far side of the road." As for D Company, when a count was

made, "only 20 percent remained, and quite obviously we couldn't continue against such overwhelming German strength. Hopefully, we waited for the dawn."

It was as if a solid wall had been built between the division and Frost's pitiful few at the bridge.

In Arnhem itself, the stench of battle permeated the inner city. On the bridge, wreckage juttied high above the concrete shoulders and littered streets along the Lower Rhine. Heavy smoke smeared buildings and yards with a greasy film. All along the waterfront hundreds of fires burned unattended. Sgt. Robert H. Jones remembers the sight as "a Sargasso Sea of blazing collapsed buildings, half-tracks, trucks and jeeps."

Cellars and basements were filled with wounded. There was almost no morphine left, and even field dressings were almost gone. The men had set out for the bridge with only enough rations for 48 hours. Now, these were almost exhausted, and the Germans had cut off the water. Forced to scrounge for food, the troopers were existing on apples and a few pears stored in the cellars of the houses they occupied. Pvt. G. W. Jukes had a vision of "being eventually relieved, standing back-to-back defiantly in bloodstained bandages, surrounded by dead Germans, spent cartridge cases and apple cores."

Hour after hour Frost waited vainly for Dobie's or Fitch's relieving battalions to break through the

German ring and reach the bridge. Although sounds of battle came from the direction of western Arnhem, there was no sign of large-scale troop movements. In addition, stragglers from the 3rd Battalion who managed to get through to Frost brought news that Horrocks' tanks were still far down the corridor. Some had even heard from Dutch underground sources that the column had not reached Nijmegen.

Around midnight Frost left his headquarters and made his way around the perimeter, checking his men. Although the battle had continued almost without letup since the armored attack during the morning, morale was still high. Frost was proud of his tired, dirty troopers. All day long they had doggedly repelled attack after attack. Not a single German or vehicle had reached the north end of the bridge. But the battle had become an endurance contest, one that Frost

knew his men could not win without help.

Crucial Absence

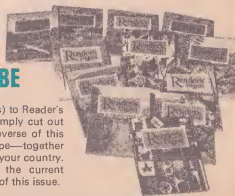
THE lack of communications had now caused a crisis of catastrophic proportions. Since the first moments of the battle General Urquhart had been totally out of touch with his troops. Indeed, because of an incredible series of events, he was thought to be either dead or captured, and Brigadier Hicks had finally taken over command of the division. "The situation was more than just confusing," Hicks remembers. "It was a bloody mess."

On the afternoon of the first day, September 17, just as Frost, Dobie and Fitch were setting out for the Arnhem bridge, Col. Charles Mackenzie, Urquhart's chief of staff, watched the general pace up and down, "restive and anxious for news." Normally, he would have directed the battle from Division head-



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quarters; but now, turning to Mackenzie, he said, "I think I'll go and have a look myself, Charles." Taking only his driver and a signalman in his jeep, Urquhart set out after his men. The time was 4:30 p.m.

His jeep sped down the Utrecht-Arnhem highway, and before long he caught up with the rear elements of the 3rd Battalion, only to be told that Lathbury had gone forward. He followed. At a crossroads on the Utrecht-Arnhem road, Urquhart found the brigadier. The area was under devastating mortar fire.

Taking over in a slit trench, Urquhart and Lathbury discussed the situation. The critical lack of communications was paralyzing their efforts to command. Urquhart decided to try to contact Division headquarters on his jeep's radio. As he neared the vehicle, he saw it had been struck by a mortar and his signalman was badly wounded. Al-

though the radio set seemed undamaged, Urquhart could not raise Division. "I cursed the appalling communications," Urquhart later wrote. "Lathbury dissuaded me from attempting to go back to my own headquarters. The enemy was thick between us and the landing zones. I decided he was right, and I stayed. But at this point I realized I was losing control of the situation."

In a large house set well back from the road, Urquhart and Lathbury prepared to spend the night. Urquhart was restless and unable to relax. "I kept checking to see if any contact had been made with Frost, but there was nothing."

Roused at 3 a.m., he continued to follow the 3rd Battalion's slow progress. Then, as first Dobie's troops and then Fitch's were bottled up and scattered in the western suburbs of Arnhem, Urquhart and Lathbury were forced to run for safety, finally taking cover in a



Maj. Gen. Robert Urquhart

three-story house in a block of buildings near the main Utrecht-Arnhem road.

Urquhart's predicament was growing worse by the minute. Caught up in the fighting, he believed his only means of escape was to take to the streets and, in the confusion, try to get through the German positions to his headquarters. Lathbury and two other officers, fearful for his safety, disagreed, but Urquhart was adamant.

During the hasty conference amid the noise of the battle, Urquhart and his officers were dumbfounded to see a British Bren-gun carrier clatter down the street, as though unaware of the German fire, and pull up outside the building. A Canadian lieutenant, Leo Heaps, who in Urquhart's words "seemed to

have a charmed existence," leaped out and raced for the building. For the first time in hours, Urquhart learned what was happening. "The news was far from encouraging," Urquhart later recalled. "Communications were still out. Frost was on the northern end of the bridge under heavy attack, but holding, and I was reported missing or captured." Urquhart told Lathbury that it was now imperative "before we're completely bottled up to take a chance and break out."

The men decided to leave from the rear of the building, where, under covering fire and smoke bombs, they might be able to get away. The route was nightmarish. While paratroopers laid down a heavy smoke screen, Urquhart's group dashed out the back door and sprinted through a vegetable garden. Climbing fence after fence, and once a ten-foot brick wall, the men moved down the entire block of houses until, finally, they reached an intersecting cobbled street. Then, confused and weary, they made a drastic miscalculation. Instead of veering left, which might have given them a margin of safety, they turned right toward St. Elisabeth's Hospital, directly into the German fire, and Lathbury was hit.

Quickly the others dragged him into a house. Urquhart saw that a bullet had entered the brigadier's lower back, and he appeared to be temporarily paralyzed. He could travel no farther. Lathbury urged

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the general to leave without him. "You'll only get cut off if you stay, sir," he said. As they talked, Urquhart saw a German soldier appear at the window. He raised his automatic and fired at point-blank range. The bloodied mass of the German's face disappeared.

Entrusting Lathbury to the care of a Dutch couple, the three remaining men, in Urquhart's words, "left by the back door and into yet another maze of tiny, fenced gardens." But they did not get far. Reaching the garden of a house at Zwarteweg 14, owned by Antoon Derksen, they again took refuge, in the kitchen. Gesturing, Antoon tried to warn the Britishers that the area was surrounded, and hastily ushered his visitors up a narrow staircase to a bedroom. Cautiously looking out the window, they saw the reason for Derksen's wild pantomime. Only a few feet below them, in positions all along the street, were German troops. "We were so close to them," Urquhart remembers, "we could hear them talking." He pondered the twin risks of continuing through the back gardens or making a dash down the front street, using hand grenades to clear the way. He was ready to take any chance to return to his command. His officers, fearful for him, were not. It was far better, they argued, to wait until British troops overran the sector than for the commanding general to risk capture or death.

The advice, Urquhart knew, was sound. Yet, "My long absence from

Division headquarters was all I could think about, and anything seemed better to me than to stay out of the battle in this way."

The familiar creaking clack of tractor treads forced Urquhart to stay put. From the window the three officers saw a German self-propelled gun come slowly down the street. Directly outside the Derksen house, it halted. The top of the armored vehicle was almost level with the bedroom window; and the crew, dismounting, sat talking and smoking directly below. Obviously, they were not moving on, and at any moment the Britishers expected them to enter the house.

Quickly they pulled down some steps leading to an attic and climbed up. Crouched down and looking about him, the six-foot Urquhart saw that the attic was little more than a crawl space. He felt "idiotic, ridiculous, as ineffectual in the battle as a spectator." The one man who might have brought cohesion to the British attack was isolated in an attic, trapped within the German lines.

Not until the morning of September 19 did British troops reach the house at Zwarteweg 14. "We heard the wheeze of the self-propelled gun outside and the rattle of its track," Urquhart later wrote. "It was moving off." Antoon Derksen then reappeared and "announced excitedly that the British were at the end of the road. We ran down the street,

and I thanked God we had made contact again."

Urquhart commandeered a jeep and, driving at full speed through a constant hail of sniper fire, at last reached Division. The time was 7:25 a.m. He had been absent and lacking control of the battle in its most crucial period for almost 39 hours. Quickly Colonel Mackenzie gave him the situation—as Division knew it.

The picture was appalling. Bitterly, Urquhart saw that his proud division was being scattered and cut to ribbons. He thought of all the setbacks that had dogged his Market forces: the distance from the drop zones to the bridge; the near-total breakdown of communications; the weather delay of the second drop plus the loss of precious resupply cargo; and the slow progress of Horrocks' tanks. Above all, Urquhart

rueed the incredible overoptimism of the initial planning stages that had failed to give due importance to the presence of Bittrich's Panzer Corps.

All these factors, one compounding another, had brought the division close to catastrophe. Only superb discipline and unbelievable courage were holding the battered Red Devils together. And now, Urquhart knew, he must demand more of his weary and wounded men than any airborne commander ever had demanded. He had no choice. With the steady inflow of German reinforcements, the dedicated, soft-spoken Scotsman saw that unless he acted immediately "my division would be utterly destroyed." Even now, it might be too late to save his beloved command from annihilation.

(To be concluded next month)

Secret Agent 28

JN THE November 1969 Reader's Digest we published the following item:

Label found in the pocket of a new suit jacket: "Inspected by No. 28 — you can trust me, I'm under 30."

Since then we've learned that Inspector No. 28 is quite a swinger. Readers have brought to our attention a number of other No. 28 inspection tickets found in the pockets of slacks purchased in various parts of the country. Samples:

Inspected by No. 28. If you don't find this slip, please inform us immediately.

Inspected by No. 28 . . . who was inspected by No. 27.

Inspected by No. 28. Nos. 1 through 27 are on vacation.

Inspected by No. 28. This is strictly a moonlighting job.

Inspected by No. 28. Slightly higher west of the Rockies. (The price, dummy—not the crotch!)

Inspected by No. 28. If you meet somebody suspicious, swallow this.

HAVE YOU AN AMUSING ANECDOTE— *An Unusual Story?*

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For items used in *Laughter, the Best Medicine*, *Personal Glimpses* (see page 12), *Quotable Quotes* and elsewhere in the Digest, payment is made at the following rates: To the first con-

tributor of each item from a published source—\$25. For original material—\$10 per Digest two-column line, with a minimum payment of \$25. Address: Excerpt Editor.

For short anecdotes, quips and quotations, the most likely sources are books, magazines of limited circulation and local newspapers. So many duplicates of items from major magazines and syndicated columns are received that the chance of being the first contributor is slim.

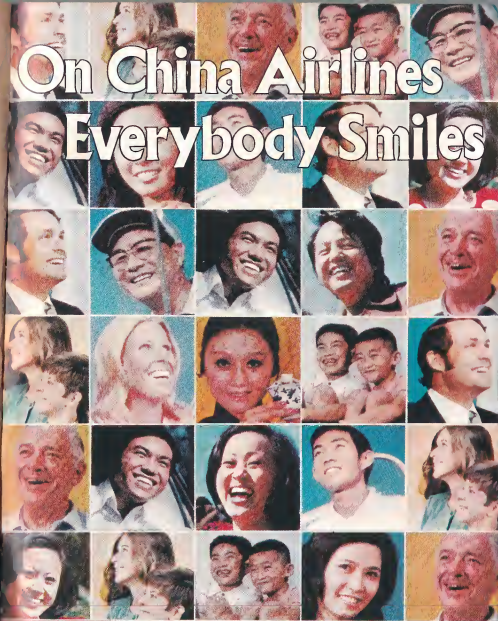
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Contributions must be typewritten, preferably doublespaced, and must not exceed 2500 words. They cannot be acknowledged and will be returned—usually within eight or ten weeks—only when accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please do not send documents or photographs. Address: First Person Editor.

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